



Monophobia by JoeKerr123

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Summary: Sasha is an extraordinary young woman sent away by her older brother Jonathan to the small town of Derry in order to avoid certain gang/cult violence from the city. Little do they know there are secrets even Sasha can't hide from this newfound annoyance she meets who has an unusual taste for fear. PennywisexOC Rated M for violent/sexual content

1. Snippet

Bruce began growling at the dark hallway; Sasha glanced up from her book in the direction Bruce was snarling at. She sat up from her position on the bed, setting her feet on the ground and stared at the darkness.

She narrowed her eyes in suspicion and reached under the armchair cushion to grab her switchblade.

"Sasha," a voice softly echoed throughout the building, she couldn't quite pinpoint where the sound was coming from.

The Doberman stood up as she did, the hair on his back standing up and his sharp teeth peeking through

Sasha remained still in the middle of the reading room and listened for anything out of the ordinary. Her demeanor calm and cold, she scanned the room, the lights began flickering before completely shutting off. The dog growled even louder.

"Easy Bruce," she calmed

"Poor little Sasha, all alone in such a strange town, no family, no friends?" The voice spoke up again, except this time from behind her

Sasha whipped out her knife and placed it behind her back, turning her head to see a dark shadow in front of the glass window. The sound of thunder cracking through the walls of the old house, it was nearly sundown. Sasha tried focusing her eyes to better see through the darkness.

"What do you want?" she asked

The figure let out a low chuckle, "I've been watching you Sasha, you're a special one aren't you?"

Sasha clenched her jaw and stared at the shadow, "by special you mean outcast? Sure why not," she took a step back

The figure chuckled again; suddenly Sasha could see his two ember

orbs glowing in the darkness. Bruce stood in front of Sasha, protecting her from the unwanted visitor.

"What a nice dog," he said, despite seeing his face, Sasha could sense the grin on his face

"He's not too fond of people who invade his home," Sasha stated

The figure remained silent, "you have the mark of a serpent on your arm."

Sasha scrunched her face in confusion, "I'm not gonna' ask you again, what do you want?"

"What an interesting accent, no doubt from the city I assume?"

But before Sasha could respond, a bright flash of lightning flashed through the window, the figure disappearing in the process. Bruce began barking but remained by Sasha's side. She stood still for a minute or so before lifting her hand and snapping her fingers, turning on the lights in the house.

Sasha didn't see anything further, wondering if the intruder had gone. She let out a sigh of relief; she closed her eyes and turned around only for her throat to meet a long gloved hand squeezing her windpipe. She could finally see who it was, his plaster white skin, and a bright red smile that went all the way up to his eyes. His bright gold eyes pierced Sasha's green orbs; his grin became wide with delight as he gripped onto her small neck.

Bruce growled and jumped up to bite Sasha's attacker, the clown's attention left the young woman as he swiped his arm across the canine's jaw, knocking it to the opposite end of the room breaking the glass that was on the table. Sasha grunted and grappled onto his wrist with one hand.

The clown cackled once again, "your just too much fun aren't you?"

Sasha gritted her teeth but remained silent; the clown frowned at her refusal to participate in his games. He squeezed harder and she slightly wheezed in pain, shutting her eyes. He smiled at her pain and leaned in closer to her face.

"You're not human are you?" he asked, his curiosity peeking with childlike mannerisms

Sasha opened her eyes, staring coldly at the clown, "who are you?"

The clown smiled, his crooked teeth peeking through his blood stained lips. He released his pressure on Sasha's neck and gave a small bow to introduce himself.

"I'm Pennywise, the dancing clown," he replied, the faint sound of bells jingling off his suit at his movements

Sasha remembered seeing his picture before in Derry's history books, subtle hints at his existence buried in the almost untouched literature to the unusual history of the small town.

"So you're the reason for all the missing people in this town," she uttered in disdain

Pennywise chuckled with pride, "not a fan of my work?"

Sasha gave a look of disdain, "I'm not too fond of people who harm children."

Pennywise examined her features, as if he'd never come in contact with someone long enough to really look up close, her silver hair falling over her flustered face. His eyes fell back onto her dragon tattoo that covered most of her hands and wrist, Sasha took note of his intense focus on her arm and how he seemed so transfixed on it.

"It's a dragon," she said

His eyes shot back up to hers, his demeanor almost innocent in a way.

"My tattoo," she finished

Pennywise quirked his head, "why a dragon?"

Sasha watched him, "I didn't have much of a choice in that."

This peaked the clown's interest; she wondered what was going on in

his head. What twisted schemes might be brewing in his head.

"No, you didn't have much of a choice in anything throughout your life did you?" Pennywise grinned

Sasha grimaced at his words, "you don't know shit."

Pennywise raised his brows in amusement, squeezing her throat harder, "pretty girls like you shouldn't say such nasty words."

He towered over small frame; Pennywise lifted her from the floor and smelled her, closing his eyes while he took in her scent.

"You don't smell afraid," he admitted irritably, he raised his hand as it transformed into a sharp claw through his glove and scratched Sasha on her cheekbone, making a deep gash. She winced at the pain and flinched away from his grasp, but to no avail.

He brought his finger to his mouth and tasted her blood, letting the flavor soak, "your blood tastes delicious!"

Sasha raised her foot to lie on his abdomen and leaned in, "it's not for you," she hissed and whipped her knife around to slice his large forehead, he howled in pain while his hand shot up to his head. Sasha flipped back and landed on her feet, fumbling a bit to catch her balance and hold her throat.

She stood up and turned to Bruce, who was standing behind the clown.

"Bruce. Fetch." She ordered

The dog seemed completely unharmed and his eyes were red, his growling louder than a regular dog's should be. Pennywise turned to face the canine; he sprinted towards the clown and opened its jaws. The clown growled and raised his arm to prevent the dog from chomping down on his face.

The dog was strong and Pennywise realized its color was changing to a pitch black colors, aside from its red eyes. The clown gripped onto the hound's neck with his claw and threw the dog into the guest room; it landed on the ground and twisted to head back out the door.

The door suddenly slammed shut and Pennywise could hear the hard scratching and growling of the beast behind it. He snarled and turned to see Sasha was gone, he glanced around the room and slowly walked over towards the front door, only to see it was wide open.

He then heard the sound of an engine rumbling, he glanced out the window to see Sasha speed past on her bike. He stared at her while she drove off, he then turned his head to the shut door, realizing the noise had stopped. They were both gone.

Pennywise smiled in amusement and as if a flip of a switch frowned and grunted at the thought of his meal running off.

Sasha glanced back to the town, it was now sunset and there was little light to lead her way. She sped up and made her way towards a bridge that covered a creek underneath. She wasn't sure where she was headed, but she figured anywhere out of this place was better.

She drove past the bridge and spotted a young child at the side of the road. She squinted her eyes, wondering if she was seeing correctly. The little boy was crying, he had on a yellow rain coat and was carrying a small paper boat.

She quickly halted to a stop as her tires made a loud screeching noise against the road. Sasha turned back to see no one, they were the only people there. She narrowed her eyes at the young boy, she figured he was lost, but then again wondered in suspicion as to why he was so far away from the town.

She stared at the child, still remaining on her bike. The boy seemed to be crying from what she could see in the dark, the only light available was from the moon, which didn't offer much.

"I want to go home," the boy cried

"How did you get out here?"

The boy began to cry once more, "He took me away."

She furrowed her brows, "who took you?"

The boy looked around him in fear, "Pennywise."

Sasha felt a shiver down her spine for some reason, something wasn't right. She could feel it, but she couldn't leave a child in the middle of the woods if this wasn't a trick.

Sasha cursed to herself, knowing she was being gullible, but she stepped off of the bike and walked over towards the boy. Who watched her in sadness and fear, gripping onto his little paper boat. Sasha's long trench coat blowing in the cool wind, she cautiously walked up to the boy, her heels clicking on the asphalt. She knelt down in front of him.

She inspected his face for any cuts or bruises, "what's your name?"

The boy looked to his rain boots and shyly replied, "Georgie."

Sasha nodded slowly, "well Georgie, where do you live?"

The boy pointed back to the town. Sasha sighed and turned to look in the boys eyes, he didn't seem to want to harm her; otherwise she figured the clown would have done something by now.

"Please help Billy," he asked, a single tear falling from his tiny face

Sasha gave a look of confusion, "whose Billy?"

"My big brother," he replied

Sasha looked to the side in thought before standing up and reaching her hand out, "c'mon, let's take you home."

The boy stared at her hand and bit his lip in nervousness, until finally grabbing onto Sasha's hand.

"It's okay, I'm not gonna' hurt you," she said

Georgie lifted his small hand and placed it in hers; she gave a warm smile before leading him towards the motorcycle.

He stared at it in awe, she looked down and chuckled: "What's wrong? Never been on one before?"

Georgie chuckled and shook his head no; she leaned down to pick him up and placed him on the seat. She swung her leg so that she was seated in front, "now Georgie I'm gonna' need you to hold onto me very tight understand? I won't go fast, but I don't want you falling off." she explained

The young boy held onto his boat and stared up at the young woman, she could see he didn't want to let go of his boat. Sasha turned her body, "here, I'll hold onto it so you don't drop it okay?"

Georgie glanced back down at his boat, he thought a few moments before finally giving it to Sasha. She grabbed in and placed it in her inner coat pocket.

"There, now it's not going anywhere," she smiled

Georgie smiled in return and hugged onto Sasha, who stiffened slightly at his touch. She looked down and placed her hand on his head, rubbing her thumb over his forehead.

"Okay," she said, breaking the silence and turning back around, "hold on tight Georgie."

"Okay," he spoke from behind her, his small arms wrapped around her slim frame as tight as he could

She started her bike and revved it up, hearing Georgie's excited giggled, making her smirk. She kicked in the ignition and sped up back towards the town of Derry.

They drove past the incredibly decrepit house on Neibolt Street; she stared ahead, not wanting to pay any mind to it.

Georgie led her towards a small blue house in the suburbs of Derry; she slowed the bike down, hoping she wasn't making too much noise to wake the neighborhood. She turned off the bike and looked around, seeing that no one was outside.

"Okay Georgie," she turned only to see that the boy was nowhere to be found. She quickly looked around, worried that Georgie might have fallen off, but she felt his arms when they stopped. She lowered the kickstand and stood up checking everywhere for the small boy in

the raincoat.

"Georgie?" she called out

Was he just a figment of her imagination? She thought to herself, He couldn't have been, he was so real?

She leaned against her bike in thought and pure confusion, she ran her fingers through her hair and suddenly remembered the boat Georgie had given her, she quickly reached inside of her pocket and sighed in relief when she felt the paper boat inside.

She pulled the boat out and looked at it, *S.S. Georgie*

She stood in silence before turning her head to the little blue house Georgie had led her to. He wanted her to help her brother.

"Billy," she whispered to herself

2. Chapter 1: Welcome to Derry

"Maybe you need to get away for a while," John suggested

Sasha merely sat and stared out the window to the New York streets, clearly more indulged in whatever was going on down below rather than her brother's advice.

"What goods that going to do for me?" she asked with an uninterested tone

John turned around and sighed, running his hand through his dark hair, "because you've gone through enough shit these past few months that I think you need a break."

She made a disapproving look and turned to her older brother, finally breaking her trance, "and you're just going to stay here by yourself? Do you know how dangerous and stupid that is?" she asked

John watched her, crossing his arms, "If you stay here, they're going to come hunt you down and I refuse to allow anyone to touch you."

Sasha rolled her eyes and retreated back to staring out the window, ignoring her brother all together.

"Sasha, you can't stay here, they know you're my only weakness and because of that I can't keep an eye on you every second of the day," he admitted

Sasha scoffed and stood up, walking up to her brother, "tell me Jonathan, is it that you want me gone because you want me safe or want me out of the picture?"

John scrunched his brows, Sasha continued, "I just got you back and now you want to send me away? To a place I've never even heard of? Are you kidding me Johnny?"

John clenched his jaw and shook his head, "you're really going to act like I didn't almost lose you before? Sure I was in a mess, but you were the one that nearly died."

Sasha scoffed, "we're basically there aren't we? We're not exactly human John. We can take Romanoff and his gang if we stick together."

John shook his head, "I'll handle it, and you're leaving," he ordered sternly

Sasha glared at him before walking off to her room, "whatever."

John watched her, sighing in aggravation, he wasn't thrilled to send his sister away, but he had no other choice. He couldn't afford any more tragedies; she was all he had left.

Sasha packed away her things and brought a backpack that she carried with her on her bike.

John walked outside in the alley, handed her a tracker, "make sure you keep this with you so I know where you are" he ordered

She stared at the ground in disappointment and he noticed, John sighed and placed his hand under her chin, lifting her face so her green eyes met his.

"Cheer up kiddo, It'll only be for about a month or two, hopefully with how I plan things out," he explained

"I'll hold you to that," she replied, she turned to his guards, "you better watch him," she ordered

They remained stoic as they held on to their guns, John chuckled, his sister was always hard headed and bossy.

"I'll be fine, I need you to call me and let me know your there, like I said I'll be checking up on you while you make your way there. It should take several hours before you get there."

Sasha groaned at the amount of time it was going to take to get to a place she didn't even want to be. But she nodded, "wonderful."

John stared at her, "I know you can take care of yourself but... Please be careful and let me know if anything happens, I'll be there."

"I do have one question," she spoke up

John placed his hands in his pockets, waiting for her question.

"Why Maine?" She asked

John shrugged, "I remember going there a few times when we were kids, it's a small town, off the radar and hidden away. Perfect for you," he smiled smugly

"Your stuff should already be set up and there, here's your key," he handed her a small bronze key to her house she assumed

Sasha rolled her eyes and started her bike, "two months Jonathan, tops."

John smiled and agreed, "Tops."

She gave another look of disappointment and Jonathan's eyes widened when he suddenly remembered what he had gotten Sasha before her leave.

"Oh, I got you something," he smirked, reaching in his pocket for a small box that he handed to his sister.

Sasha raised a brow and took the small box from him. She placed her hand over the top and opened it to reveal a silver locket. She smiled at the picture of her and her brother when they were younger. Sasha looked up at John and leaped up to hug him tightly, he stiffened when he saw his men staring at him, he didn't show affection too often besides to Sasha. He relaxed after a few moments and embraced Sasha, resting his head atop of her head.

He cleared his throat and spoke up, "well, you better get going, I don't want you driving in the dark."

Sasha nodded and revved up her bike to drive out of the dirty alleyway, taking one last glance back to give her brother a final look. He watched her, his eyes filled with mixed emotions as his baby sister vanished into the city streets.

After making a few stops and the hours went by until she finally spotted the welcome sign ahead.

Welcome to Derry

She looked around to see the small markets and stores around. She sighed at the smallness of the town, she wasn't used to this, she loved the city. The very place her brother got to stay in while she suffered in a boring basic town.

She noticed kids playing in the streets and people walking around, everything seemed so normal, she could also see plenty of white posters plastered everywhere she couldn't quite make out. She looked down at the paper her brother had given her, the address was on it and from the looks of it, she wasn't too far from her new home.

She drove past an old looking home; it looked as if it would completely collapse at any moment. She stared at it as she drove past, she then spotted the street name: *Neibolt*. She sped up and reached her house, it was a medium sized white house with a porch and a red door in the front. She scoffed; of course John would pick such an extravagant house, he was anything but mediocre.

She shut off her bike and lowered the kickstand, standing up and walking up to the house. She glanced down the street, children were playing at the park and families were having barbeques. She rolled her eyes and retreated quickly inside before she ran into a neighbor. She reached in her pocket for a key and placed it in the lock, twisting it and turning the knob.

Sasha opened the door and looked inside; it was similar to the way her penthouse was set up in New York. She was slightly relieved at the somewhat modern look. There was a staircase that twisted up to a balcony on the upper floor, to the right was a room filled with books and surrounded by windows and maroon drapes. She smirked at how well her brother managed to decorate her house; it was an old Victorian home.

To the left was the dining area and through the large hall was the kitchen. There was a door under the stairs that led to the basement; she retreated upstairs to see her room with a canopy queen sized bed

with the same maroon drapes draped over it, white carpet and black wooden furniture pieces.

She turned back to see down the hall was her office and back around the corner led to a balcony on the outside, overlooking the town. She walked inside the room and tossed her bag on the ground, making her way to the bed. She plopped down on it and stretched out, relaxing as she felt the breeze from the open windows come through the room. She shut her eyes and began to doze off, catching a quick nap before having to mess with the unwanted chores and unpacking she had yet to do.

Sasha woke up to a ringing in the distance; she opened her eyes, squinting at the brightness of the sunset casting over her eyes. She stretched her muscles and the ringing became even clearer to her ears. Sasha shot up from her bed and made her way towards the sound a floor below.

Picking up the phone, Sasha brought it up to her ear, "hello?"

"I told you to call me," John scolded

Sasha lightly slapped her forehead for completely dismissing the many hours that passed without letting her brother know she was safe.

"Uh, yeah I got caught up with unpacking and I was tired so..."

She could hear John grunt in aggravation on the other side of the line, "Sasha I need to know if your okay and when you don't update I start to worry," he explained

Sasha rolled her eyes and sat down in the armchair aside of the table, "I'm sorry, I'm fine."

"I hope it's comfortable for you," he said

Sasha scoffed, "well I don't hear police sirens or gunshots so it's very unnerving."

"Very funny," he replied dryly, "Sasha I want you to fit in as much as

possible there, you can't be the odd one out."

Sasha furrowed her brows, "how am I supposed to do that exactly?"

"I don't know, get a job," he answered

Sasha gave a long pause before John spoke up again, "Something quiet and secluded."

"You want me to be a nun or something?"

"Please Sasha, at least try. For me?" he pleaded

Sasha rolled her eyes and leaned her head back on the wall, "I'll look tomorrow."

"Good."

She mocked her brother like a child.

"Oh and by the way, I figured you wouldn't want to be left alone by yourself in that big house so," he drawled

Sasha's interest peaked as she sat up in her seat.

"Open the front door," he ordered

Sasha sat confused and looked up to the door.

"I'll talk to you tomorrow Sash."

"Goodbye John," she said still staring at the door.

She placed the phone down and stood up, slowly walking towards the door. Her hand reached out for the handle and opened it, as she glanced outside she noticed a Doberman sitting right on the porch staring up at her.

The Doberman had a note attached to its collar, Sasha grabbed and opened it: *My name is Bruce.*

She smirked, "Bruce"

She stood back up and took a few steps back, "come on," she urged

The dog stood up and walked inside the house, she watched him while she closed the door behind her. Turning her body and placing a hand on her hip, they stared at each other for a minute.

"Sit."

Bruce obeyed and sat on the floor. She quirked her head in amusement

"Good boy."

The dog barked in response, she began walking towards the many boxes set inside the dining room. There were two things Sasha hated doing, and that was moving and unpacking.

She looked down to see a large box labeled *toys*

Sasha took out a switchblade she was given when she was younger by her brother. She cut the tape to open the heavy box, miscellaneous weapons were placed inside. Sasha pulled out a small hand gun and turned to Bruce, who sat and watched his new owner.

"This is gonna' be a long night."

Beep

Beep

Beep

Sasha opened her eyes and rolled over to turn off the annoying sound. She looked at the clock.

3:33 a.m

She scrunched her forehead, it was still dark outside, she turned on her lamp and looked at her watch.

3:33 a.m

She groaned in aggravation of getting up this early, she glanced down to see Bruce asleep at the end of her bed. It was raining outside and the drapes blew in the room from the mild wind. She sat up and noticed the bathroom light had been turned on near the end of the hallway. Sasha got up from the bed, waking Bruce who stared at his owner intently. She made her way towards the hallway.

She was a few feet away; the door was creaked open, the bright light shining through the crack of the door. She took another step closer before the light shut off; she narrowed her eyes and slowly opened the door, switching the light switch on.

Nothing

Sasha looked around the room; she figured it might have been bad electricity. She turned on her heel and jumped back when she stepped in a small puddle and the window open. She shut the window and walked back to her room where Bruce wagged his tail and adjusted himself on the bed, she glanced down and to pet him on the head.

She sat back down on the bed and stared at the dragon tattoo on her hand. Bad memories flourishing back to her, she closed her eyes and walked decided to get ready. She didn't get much sleep, it wasn't like she needed much sleep to begin with, but anything to make her feel a little more normal than she already wasn't.

She walked over to her closet and decided to get ready, "I guess we should go explore our new home huh?" She asked Bruce, who winced at her as if to respond in any way he could and laid his head back down on his paws.

"Me too buddy."

3. Chapter 2: Rude Welcoming

It was a fairly nice day outside with a light breeze, Sasha walked along the sidewalk of the suburbs, making her way towards the downtown area. She looked around to see both children and adults give stares at the obvious newcomer. She inwardly rolled her eyes and placed her hands in her coat pocket. She often wore darker tight fitted clothing, she felt it was best to cover up rather than show too much skin.

Bruce followed close at her side; she walked a few more blocks before spotting one of those white posters she had seen before. She stopped and examined the photo; it was a young girl missing.

Betty Ripsom

She could hear kid's voices coming up from behind her, there were about four of them, riding their bikes past.

"Hi ho silver! Away!" One boy shouted as they drove down the street

She snickered and continued walking until she finally made her way to what she assumed to be the library. She opened the door to head inside, she noticed a small bigger boy hastily walking out of the building. He seemed upset about something; she continued to open the door and peered around. There were only about two people inside, not including the librarian, who seemed to be making her way towards Sasha with an otherwise disapproving glare.

"There are no dogs allowed in here," she ordered

Sasha raised a brow, "what dog?"

The woman creased her saggy forehead, "this one—"

She stopped and looked down to see there was no sign of the animal; she looked back up at Sasha who had a smirk on her lips.

"Nothing, never mind," she corrected

The old woman fixed her glasses and gave Sasha a look over, "you

must be new here."

Sasha nodded slowly, "Yes, my names Sasha, and actually that's kind of what I'm doing here, I was hoping to see if there were any available positions here you might need filling?"

The woman gave a surprised face, "you want to work here?"

Sasha nodded once again, "well I do suppose I could use some help around here. Have you worked in a library before?"

"I would help in the library at my university," she lied

The woman smiled, "perfect, when would you be available to start?"

"Tomorrow if that's alright, I still have to get settled in," she confessed

The librarian nodded, "of course, well this is exciting, I must admit."

Sasha quirked her head, "why's that?"

"We never get any visitors here," she replied before walking off to tend to her books

Sasha stared at her before quickly asking, "I uhm, I'm pretty big on history and I'd like to know a bit more about the town I'll be staying in for now, where are the history books located?"

The woman gave Sasha a creepy stare for a second before smiling and nudging her head over towards the stairs.

"Those books aren't used too often, most of them are archived in the lower level of the building," she answered

Sasha turned her head towards the dimly lit stairs, "thank you."

She began walking over towards the stairs, her heels clacking on the wooden floor and echoing throughout the building. It was so quiet, she turned to see the people focused on their literature, they paid her no mind, it was as if they were statues.

She brushed it off and continued walking down the stairs, her silhouette disappearing down the dark stairway to reveal the librarian staring at her in the distance.

Sasha reached the aisles of old archived history books; she walked around and brushed her gloved fingers over the old spines. She stopped when she reached a book labeled: *The History of Derry Township*

She pulled the book out and brought it over towards a small table with a lamp on it, she sat down and crossed her legs, turning the pages of the manuscript. She heard a noise to her right and glanced back down at the book.

"I was wondering when you were coming back," she said passively

Bruce walked out from the shadows and plopped down by her feet; she smirked and continued reading through the pages. She skimmed past usual information that she figured any other small town would have. After skimming a few more pages Sasha landed on a drawing of an old colony, she squinted her eyes, noticing in the far left corner of the page was what she thought looked like a clown?

Sasha quirked a brow and flipped the page, reading over some information about an entire colony disappearing without a trace. She shut the book and stood up Bruce lifted his head; she looked around and grabbed another book. Opening it to see the many tragedies that occurred there, countless people dying and going missing.

She thought back to the missing kid posters plastered everywhere around the town. She turned the page to see another picture of a clown. The same one she'd seen in the first book, his eyes slightly separated, giving an even more inhuman look. Sasha leaned in closer to further inspect the page.

Thump

Sasha's head shot up along with Bruce's who gave a small bark and stood up. Sasha got up to see a book had fallen from the shelf, she walked through the aisle, she bent over to retrieve the fallen object.

As she stood up, she could see in the corner of her eyes a figure, looking as though it were moving rapidly in one place, but she heard no noise. She turned her head slowly to see a woman in what appeared to be a white nightgown stained with a dark liquid substance.

Sasha widened her eyes when she saw the woman's head shaking back and forth at an alarming speed, a sickingly long grin on her face. She had no pupils and her limbs were bent and warped. Bruce snarled at the deformed woman and crept up between the two.

The figure stopped and jerked its head roughly to twist its neck so that it was facing Sasha. The young woman stepped back and pulled out her blade, watching the woman pause her entire body. The lights flickered over her and the figure vanished.

Sasha looked around the dim room, she could hear bare footsteps running up behind her and she turned to see the woman shaking uncontrollably as she charged at Sasha. The young woman jumped back and blocked the woman's teeth, they were sharp and long. The woman looked like a corpse, her hair nearly gone and she smelled of rotting flesh.

Sasha was pressed against the floor; Bruce ran up and attacked the corpse, making it shriek out in pain. Sasha shot up and swiped her knife against the woman's chest, causing another loud shriek and the sound of burning flesh. She shook on the ground, but bent both her arms and legs in a way that made her appear as some sort of spiderlike creature, the sound of bones breaking and joints cracking in the process.

Bruce growled at the creature while it escaped into the endless halls of the library. Sasha back up into what she felt was an arm on her shoulder.

"Are you alright dear?" the older woman asked

"I'm fine," she replied dryly

Sasha felt the hand squeeze hard on her shoulder; she gave a look of confusion and could see a white gloved hand that didn't belong to the

old librarian holding tight to her shoulder.

"You look scared," her voice dropping down several octaves

Sasha shoved the hand away and turned to meet the old woman's confused eyes.

"Something wrong?" she asked

Sasha looked around, Bruce was gone as expected but so was the creature. She let out a breath and straightened up, "Yea, I uh, have to get going," she replied, walking past the woman up the stairs, "excuse me."

The older woman looked confused in the room; she wondered what might have spooked Sasha to retreat so quickly, similar to the younger boy here before. She walked back up the stairs to say goodbye but the woman was gone.

"What an unusual woman," she said, going back to stacking away books

4. Chapter 3: Avoiding New Friends

Sasha lit her cigarette and took a long drag before sitting and watching the phone. Her hand lingered over the telephone a few times, debating on whether or not to call John. She groaned and leaned back on the armchair; she blew out smoke from her nose and stared up at the ceiling.

The phone started to ring and Sasha shot up quickly answering the it, "hello?"

"Everything okay?" John asked

Sasha thought about what's been going on, "have you heard anything from the Romanoffs?"

"We've gotten a few hints to where they might be but nothing full proof, why?" he asked

Sasha glanced out the window; she didn't want to worry her brother. He already had enough on his plate, she didn't want to add anymore stress.

"Nothing," she answered

"Did we find a job yet?"

Sasha smirked, "actually yes, the library."

"Oh thank god, I hoped you wouldn't try to become a bartender just to get back at me for sending you there," he joked

Sasha rolled her eyes, "you know what, that doesn't sound like a bad idea."

"Sasha."

"Oh please, these people wouldn't know what a good Highball was if it slapped them in the face," she spat

"Should be a piece of cake making friends for you clearly," he

drawled

Sasha took another drag of her cigarette, "are you smoking again?"

She inhaled the smoke and blew it out, "oh yeah because such human things affect us right?"

"That's not what I meant, it's a bad habit," he explained

She lifted her hand and placed her cigarette in the ashtray, putting it out. She heard a knock at the door and turned her head in suspicion.

"I've gotta go there's someone at the door," she said

"Who?" he asked

She stood up and looked through the glass; it looked like a woman holding onto a piece of paper.

"Some lady, handing out flyers or something."

"Your second day there and your already being invited to block parties, how cute."

Sasha rolled her eyes, "Goodbye John," she slammed the phone down and walked over to the door.

Bruce looked up, "stay."

She opened it and met the eyes of a woman whose eyes were puffy and pink, as if she was crying. Sasha stared at the woman passively, "can I help you?"

The woman shakily handed Sasha a piece of paper, Sasha glanced down to see a picture of a boy named Patrick Hockstetter, age 15: Missing.

Sasha looked back up to the woman who tried to get words out, "have you seen my son?"

Sasha handed back the paper, "no I'm sorry I haven't"

"It's alright, I have plenty more, if you know anyone who might have

seen him please, my information is on the flyer."

Sasha nodded in awkwardness; she didn't like conversing with people who were overly emotional. She wasn't the comforting type, but she forced herself to give a sympathetic smile, "yeah, sure."

The woman smiled sadly and turned away to hand out more flyers to the rest of the neighborhood. Sasha watched her leave before closing and locking the door, she leaned against the door looking down at the picture.

"Where are they all disappearing to?" she thought out loud

Bruce tilted his head towards his owner. She crumbled the paper and threw it in to the side and walked into the kitchen, she opened the empty fridge. She groaned and faced the dog.

"You hungry?" she asked

Bruce winced and barked, he began wagging his tail. She nodded and took her coat, heading for the door.

"Alright then, let's get some food," she said closing the front door and heading back towards the town, remembering the small food market.

They ended up in front of the market, she scanned the place, it smelled pretty good. She noticed a young man leaning against the wall; she didn't pay much attention to him.

"Nice pooch," a male voice spoke

Sasha looked back up at the young man smiling at her; his hollow cheeks contrasted with the light, he had a button nose and bold blue eyes that were nearly as vibrant as her emerald orbs.

"Excuse me?" she glared

He chuckled, "your dog, what a nice dog."

Sasha opened her mouth and nodded, "oh, thank you."

"What's his name?"

"Bruce."

The young man dropped his cigarette and stepped on it, his features were piercing, he somewhat stood out just as much as Sasha did in terms of striking features.

"I don't think they'll let you in there with him unfortunately," he admitted

Sasha looked inside and back down at Bruce, "that's alright, he'll stay out here."

The man raised his brows, "really? He'll just wait there?"

Sasha scoffed, "of course he will," she turned to Bruce, "Bruce, stay."

She headed back into the marketplace, "oh and by the way, he bites."

The man turned to the dog, who gave a low growl at the stranger. He stared at the dog before heading hastily back inside.

Sasha picked up a few items and walked around the aisles, choosing different groceries she might need. She reached up to grab a box of cereal, knocking another over. She turned quickly to catch the box when she noticed two hands holding the now caught item. She looked up to see the same young man smiling down at her with a cool smile.

"Thanks," she said suspiciously, wondering why this man was following her around

"You're welcome," he placed the box back on the shelf, he was easily six feet tall

She watched him; the man chuckled nervously and placed his hand in his jacket pocket lifting his free hand.

"I'm Roman," he started

Sasha glanced down at his open hand, not bothering to shake it. He

lifted it and scratched the back of his head awkwardly. She headed for the register, handing her items to the cashier.

"You have a name?" he asked

"I do."

She looked up at the cashier, who seemed completely focused on his task, not bothering to look at her. She handed him cash, "keep the change."

Roman looked at the cashier, who smiled and offered a nod in appreciation. He turned back to see the young woman walk out of the store, her dog following close behind. He ran outside and caught up with the woman.

"I know you're new around here, just wanted to introduce myself," he commented

Sasha sighed and turned around, looking Roman in the eyes, "listen, I'm sure you're a nice guy, but I'm not looking for friends right now."

He stared at her, "Who said anything about being friends?"

She chuckled and shook her head, "really, then what is it your trying to be?"

Roman took a step forward, "I haven't thought that far yet."

Sasha looked at him, pausing a few moments before replying, "It was nice meeting you Roman."

Sasha turned to head back to the house, Roman smirked, "Can I at least get your name?"

Sasha turned and smiled, continuing walking forward. Roman smiled and scoffed, standing in front of the building. Watching the mysterious woman with silver hair walk off.

5. Chapter 4: The Trinity

Beep

Beep

Beep

Sasha opened her eyes and slapped down the button on the alarm.

3:33 a.m.

She growled and sat up, looking around the room and frowned.

"Bruce?"

She sat up and walked out of the room to look over the balcony, "Bruce?" she called out

She didn't hear a response, "Come here boy."

She began walking down the stairs and turned the corner, seeing the basement door was open. She walked over to the cupboard, grabbing her pistol and making her way down the creaky stairs. She pointed her gun in front of her, glancing around the room.

She reached the bottom step; she peered over to the basement door to see Bruce standing in front of it. But he wasn't growling, he simply stared at the door with an unreadable face.

"Bruce?"

The dog turned its head and began wagging its small tail. She lowered her gun and walked up to her pet, "What are you doing down here?" she asked, kneeling aside of the hound and placed her hand on his back. He whined and returned his gaze back to the door; Sasha looked down to see tiny muddied footprints laving outside. Sasha narrowed her eyes and stood up, walking over to the door, she opened it only to see the footprints stopped right at the entrance of the door.

She examined the backyard for any sign of movement. She then heard Bruce begin growling, she turned her head to see what Bruce was growling at. She could see behind the furnace was a large figure in the shadows. She snapped her fingers, ordering the lights on, only for the figure to once again disappear.

She rubbed her eyes and shut the door behind her. She wasn't getting enough sleep, even for her and she started to think it was getting to her. Bruce stopped growling and looked up at Sasha, who began walking up the stairs. She had to get up soon for work and she knew she wasn't falling back to sleep.

Hours passed and Sasha could have sworn she's been in a daze all day. She been stacking books back onto the shelves, for a seemingly empty place; there were always books to be put back. She had a few novels to put away on the lower level, she sighed and rolled her eyes, heading for the stairs with an arm full of books.

Sasha walked down the stairs and gazed throughout the room, the lights remained dim, but she couldn't sense any other presence around. She began looking for the proper places for the books.

"So should I just call you library girl from now on?" she heard a familiar voice speak behind her

She rolled her eyes and smiled, "not many people can sneak up on me."

Roman walked over towards her, the same smug smile he normally had on his face.

"So what are you, stalking me now?" she asked irritably

Roman raised his hands in defense, "Listen I honestly had no idea you worked here, I actually came to drop a few books off when I noticed you head downstairs, I just had to say hi."

"Is that right?" she asked, turning back to place the remaining books back in their spots

Roman smiled, "yeah, that's right."

She turned to him and crossed her arms, leaning against the bookshelf, "what do you want Roman, someone put you up to this?"

Roman furrowed his brows, "uh, no? But you are making it pretty difficult to ask you out on a date I'll give you that."

Sasha scoffed, "and if I say no?"

Roman shrugged, "then I'll just ask again tomorrow."

Sasha smiled at the young man, "I'm sure you'll find another girl you can sway."

Roman rolled his eyes and smirked, "I don't want sway them, I've got my eyes set on you."

Sasha straightened and headed back to the cart to grab another set of books. She walked through the rows of books and noticed a book in the wrong spot, she pulled the book out to see a plaster white face on the other side of the aisle, his ember eyes glowing in the dim lighting of the room.

Sasha jumped back into Roman, who grabbed her before tripping over him.

"Whoa, easy there, you see something?" he asked

She looked back at the gap between the books, it was gone. She pinched the bridge of her nose and shook her hand, "no, I'm just tired that's all."

"Not enough sleep?" he asked, letting go of her arms

She glanced to the side in thought, "haven't gotten in the right routine I guess."

Roman smirked and placed his hands in his pocket, "Well since your shifts almost up, would it be too much to ask for me to at least walk you home?"

Sasha exhaled, "Fine. If I let you walk me home, will you stop pestering me?"

Roman stared at her, "No."

Sasha scoffed, "Alright then let me get my coat."

Roman smirked and followed Sasha to the counter. She grabbed her jacket and placed the cart back behind the desk. Roman walked ahead and held the door open for her; Sasha looked over to see the same group of kids riding their bikes, except now there was an added member to their group, a young girl with short auburn hair.

She watched them as did Roman, "you know those kids?"

Sasha shook her head, "no, I just see them ride past my house often."

They continued to walk towards the neighborhood, "Where's man's best friend?"

Sasha smirked, "don't worry, I left him at home today, he deserves a break today."

Roman smiled, "So, what's with the gloves? Are they just an accessory or are you covering something up?"

Sasha paused a few moments, "I have a tattoo I don't really like showing too much."

"On both hands?"

Sasha chuckled, "No just on one, but I'm sure it'd be a little weird to walk around with just one glove on."

Roman smirked and nodded in agreement, "Very true, I like it. Makes you unique."

"Thank you."

"You're welcome," Roman replied

The two ended up in front of the old abandoned house on Neibolt, she glanced over at the eye sore.

"Why don't they tear this building down already?" she asked

Roman followed her gaze and feigned shock, "you mean you're not into creepy crack houses?"

Sasha looked up at him, "not too much no."

Roman smiled, his smile was oddly mesmerizing, but Sasha kept her eyes ahead.

"Where do you live?" she asked

Roman pointed to a small house on the corner of her street.

"It's small, but its home," he added

Sasha looked over to a small house with a large willow tree in front, "just you?" she asked

Roman shrugged, "yeah, I took care of my mother until she died a few years back. I got too attached to the town and didn't want to leave the memory of her behind that I just decided to stay."

She nodded in response, "well it's nice."

"Thank you," he replied

They finally ended up in front of Sasha's house, "Well thanks for walking me home Roman."

Roman looked at her house, Bruce staring at him through the window, "Bruce doesn't like me much does he?"

Sasha turned to see what he was talking about and chuckled, "he doesn't like anyone."

Roman walked closer, "except you of course."

"I am his owner," she added

Roman let out a breath and looked down at Sasha, "I know I'm pushing it, but can I take you out for coffee tomorrow?"

Sasha pondered the idea, "I do get off early tomorrow, I suppose."

Roman's eyes filled with excitement, "great, I'll pick you up from the library at..?"

"Ten."

"Ten," he repeated

He smiled and slightly bowed in front of Sasha, "well library girl, I will see you tomorrow."

Sasha laughed at the thought of him still not knowing her name, "see you tomorrow Roman."

Roman let out a defeated grunt and scoffed, winking at her before peering over at Bruce and heading back to his house.

Sasha opened her door to see Bruce gawking at her, seated perfectly at the entrance.

"Don't give me that look," she said, feeling his brutal judgment

"It's only coffee."

6. Chapter 5: Face your Fears

Okay so I've really wanted to set up a good story that not only depicts both known and new characters in the story adequately. So I've tried and will continue to keep in character as much as possible. Also for Pennywise, this is a way I feel he would interact with someone who actually has a chance of intimidating him to some extent. When he starts to realize maybe there are more powerful creatures in the world/universe besides him, giving his reason as to why he might be infatuated with Sasha. Especially when she faces danger more so on her end than the homicidal clown himself. Also if you guys want something specific to happen or shoot some ideas of what you'd like to see more of please let me know. I love writing so any input is appreciated!

Sasha got ready for the day; she sat on the counter and watched as rain started to fall, her eyes had bags under them as she hadn't been getting enough sleep. She took a puff from her cigarette and stared out the window, dazed. She turned her head to place the cigarette in the ash tray, her silver hair swooping over her to cast a shadow on one side of her face. She looked up and her green eye illuminated in the darkness.

Bruce walked into the kitchen, placing a seat below her feet, which were hanging off the counter top. She closed her eyes and leaned her head back onto the cabinet; she brought her wrist up to check her watch.

6:00 a.m.

She sighed and hopped off the counter, walking over to grab her coat. She twisted to face Bruce, who watched her with his usual stare.

"Stay here and watch the house, you'll know if I need you," she ordered

Bruce grunted and laid back on the rug in the kitchen, obeying his master. Sasha opened the door and lifted the collars of her coat. She

took one last look at Bruce before shutting it and headed for the library. It was only drizzling outside, Sasha didn't mind a little rain, she actually enjoyed it. It was relaxing to walk through.

She made her way towards the town on the same route she'd been accustomed to taking. She could see a person standing on the opposite side of the street. He was a middle aged man, very clean cut and dressed in clothes the residents of Derry didn't dress in much, aside from Roman. His glasses covered up his eyes, but Sasha knew he was watching her.

She crossed the street and walked into town, she turned her head to see the mysterious man was gone. The man looked familiar but she couldn't quite put a name to the face. She headed for the library and walked inside, the rain slowing down.

"Hello Sasha dear," the librarian greeted

Sasha took off her long coat and placed it on the coat rack, "good morning."

"I've got a few tasks for you to do."

Sasha inwardly groaned but feigned excitement as best she could, "can't wait."

The rest of her shift passed by surprisingly fast when she realized it was nearly ten. Roman would be picking her up any minute. She dusted off a few shelves and retreated back to her desk, sitting down and looking out the window, she noticed some kids playing outside in the park.

She stared at them, wondering if their faces would be the next ones pictured on another missing person's flyer.

"Ready to go?"

Sasha shot her eyes over to see Roman, smiling and leaning on the counter.

"I didn't even hear you come in," she admitted

Roman chuckled and raised his brows, messing around with a paper mache flower on the desk. Twisting it in his and looking up at Sasha with his wide eyes, "you also didn't notice the creep whose been staring at you for 20 minutes now."

Sasha furrowed her brows in confusion and turned to see what Roman was talking about. Through the glass she could see a man resting against the light poll, staring at her through the window. Sasha stood up, Roman watched her.

"Friend of yours?" he asked

Sasha turned to Roman, closing her mouth, "No."

He tilted his head and looked back at the man, "then he better be careful."

"Why?"

He tossed the flower back onto the counter, "he wouldn't want to go missing."

Sasha gave another look of confusion, "what do you mean?"

Roman shrugged, "I've never seen him, outsiders don't last here."

She narrowed her eyes, "I'm an outsider."

Roman smirked down at the young woman, "Yes, but you have someone watching you."

Sasha shook her head slowly, "who?" She placed her coat on and walked around the counter next to the young man.

Roman stared at her, placing his long hand on the small of her back, guiding her towards the exit. He leaned over and whispered, "Me."

Sasha took a sip of her coffee, the day finally cleared up and so they decided to sit outside.

"So what do you do?"

Roman leaned back in his seat and placed his elbow atop the back of the chair, "I'm a writer."

Sasha smiled, "what do you write?"

Roman chuckled and playfully responded, "Romance novels, what else?"

Sasha scoffed, "seriously?"

"No," he smiled, "I write about history."

This peaked Sasha's interest and he noticed, "So you weren't lying when you said you were returning books."

Roman gave a smug look, "see? Wasn't creeping."

"So if you know about all the weird shit that happens around here then?"

Roman stared and slowly nodded, "I've read a few police reports and different articles about a possible serial killer around this area. But it all led to a dead end, the killings and disappearances have been happening for centuries."

Sasha thought about the clown she remembered seeing in the books, "was there ever...anything about a, uh clown?"

Roman chuckled and took a sip of his coffee, "why, are you afraid of clowns?"

Sasha rolled her eyes, "No."

She smiled and lifted her chin a bit in suspicion, "no questions?"

He shook his head, "not unless you want me to ask them."

She was comforted at his words, not wanting to pry at her life unless she willingly allowed it. She spotted the time.

"Well I should get home Bruce, he'll need lunch," she said

Roman nodded in a childlike manner, "yes, I am getting pretty

hungry myself."

Sasha smirked, "thanks for the coffee Roman."

"You sure you don't want me to walk you home?"

She shook her head, "no Roman it's alright, really, I'll be fine."

He pondered her words before understanding, "alright be careful, there are scary monsters wandering around," he winked

"I can handle it."

He smiled and stood up to say goodbye to the young woman, "Goodbye library girl."

Sasha smiled, "Sasha."

"Sasha," he repeated, "such a pretty name."

"Goodbye Sasha. See you soon."

Sasha decided to take a different route home today; she figured if someone had been watching her, they would likely know her routine. She walked along the street leading into the neighborhood; she could hear choir music from the church up ahead. She glanced up at the street sign.

Neibolt

She stared at the green sign for a few moments, falling in thought.

"Help!" she heard a younger voice screech

Sasha was ripped from her thoughts, turning her head to see the voice was coming from the old house's back yard.

The young boy crawled out from the torn open gate and ran out, he shot a glance back. He suddenly ran into another form that clutched onto his arms, he began yelling once again.

"Hey, hey calm down, it's okay," Sasha calmed

The boy opened his eyes and looked up at the young woman; he stared at her as if she wasn't really there. Sasha knelt down, "Are you okay? Are you hurt?"

The boy in the pink shirt shook his head no quickly. She could tell the boy was visibly shaken and panting heavily. He would take quick glances behind him towards the yard.

Sasha looked past him, he turned back to her.

"What's your name?" she asked

"Eddie."

She smiled, "well it's nice to meet you Eddie," trying to calm him down

He gave a quick smile, "what happened?"

Eddie looked around and shook his head, "the clown."

Sasha creased her brows, "clown?"

Eddie nodded

"Well he's gone now, your okay yeah?"

Eddie sighed and agreed, he didn't seem to want to speak to Sasha much. She understood, knowing she was still a stranger to the young boy.

"I'm Sasha, I'm new around here so I don't have many friends here," she began

Eddie watched her, subconsciously standing closer to her out of fear.

"So I guess you're my new friend okay? Friends tell friends secrets yes?"

"I guess so."

"Where was he?" she asked

Eddie gave a look of confusion, "you believe me?"

Sasha nodded with a serious demeanor.

Eddie gave a nervous chuckle, feeling relieved. He paused for a few moments before turning his head, "in there."

Sasha looked passed to the Neibolt house. She glared at the structure; Eddie looked back to his new friend.

"Don't go in there," he said, gripping onto the sleeve of her wool thin coat

Sasha looked back at the young boy and smiled, "Go home Eddie."

She pushed Eddie lightly away; he stared at her before almost tripping back. Then adjusting himself and running home. Sasha watched him run off until he was gone, she turned back to the house and blinked, her eyes now illuminating a bright green glow. She appeared in front of the house and stood at the bottom of the rickety old stairs.

She glared up at the house, the front door creaking open by itself. Sasha let out a breath and placed her hands in her pockets, taking a step forward. I think it was time to see what was going on in Derry.

7. Chapter 6: Unlikely Hero

The house was filled with cobwebs and dust that's been accumulated over the years. The faint smell of wet stone creeping through the old walls. Sasha took small steps inside, she scanned the room. She could hear faint whimpering coming from upstairs. She lifted her head and took out her blades.

She knew better than to reveal her position, she remained silent and teleported to the top of the stairs, staring down the long hallway. The crying stopped and Sasha dropped her eyes down below, the door began shaking, immediately slamming shut. Sasha stared, listening for any other sounds.

She heard low giggling in the distance; she turned her head to see a bloody human hand. It was twitching and flopping around like a fish out of water. Sasha stepped back, a dark figure at the far end of the hallway landing in her peripheral line of sight. A bullet slammed into the right of her body, skimming her coat, Sasha jumped around, looking down from the balcony. The man she'd seen earlier was standing at the bottom of the staring up at her.

He reached up for his glasses, taking them off and revealing a large gash across his eyes. One of them a foggy gray color, clearly blind in that eye.

"Hello Sasha," the man said with a Russian accent

She stood quiet, glowering at the man.

"How did you find me?"

He scoffed, "Dear little Jonathan needs to keep better staff."

Sasha's eyes widened

John

Sasha swallowed any anxiety she had down, her breathes loud and angry.

"What do you want?"

The man feigned hurt.

"Don't you remember me princess?" he asked, throwing his glasses on the ground, "I remember very clearly when you did this to me."

"I guess we're even, since you did try killing me."

The man smiled, "Yes well I suppose I should finish what I started. What do you think?"

Sasha gave a passive glare; she pulled out her blades and flipped them in her hands. Not bothering to answer the man, assuming her actions spoke louder. The man sneered and appeared behind Sasha, she threw her hand to pierce his neck. He gripped onto her wrist and slammed his fist at her jaw, throwing her off the balcony to land unpleasantly on the floor.

She groaned in pain but twisted and disappeared when he jumped off the upper level. Her attacker landed in the spot she had been seconds before, his eyes glowing red, he scanned the room for her presence.

"Big brother can't protect you forever," he spoke

He stood up and pulled out his gun, "he'll die like the filth he is."

Sasha growled and locked her arms with the man, flipping behind his back and throwing him into the wall, breaking into the kitchen. He snarled and threw a piece of wood off his body.

He waited for a sound; he could hear footsteps to his right and grinned. He dodged Sasha's knife and punched her in the stomach, making her fall forward. He clutched her shoulder and leg, throwing her at the counter.

Sasha's face slammed into the sink hard, cracking the corner off. She grunted in pain the man snickered as he sauntered over towards the woman. He sighed and shook his head, "pity you were the one chosen to lead the pact, you should have taken the offer. Maybe you and your brother wouldn't be in this position right now."

He leaned over and gripped a chunk of her silver hair; she gritted her teeth in the process and shot her hand up to grapple his arm.

"Your nothing but punk kids, you and your smartass brother," he sneered, slamming her head even harder on the ground and pulling her back up to his face. He reached in his jacket to pull out a long knife, Sasha stared at it, her breathes picking up as she tried to wriggle out of his grasp.

"I'm going to enjoy this little one, any final quips, last words maybe?"

Despite Sasha's pain, a small smile formed on her bloody and bruised lips, "Bruce."

The man gave a look of confusion, "what?"

The quick footsteps of the animal bolted out of the shadows and attacked the man, who cried in pain as he fell back onto the ground. The canine's eyes glowed piercing red at as he dug his teeth into his arm. Bruce jerked his head from side to side, ripping the man's flesh open.

The man was able to grab his gun and flipped it over pulling the trigger. Bruce winced out in pain and shook his head, retreating back to cover Sasha, who was lying motionless on the ground.

"You fucking mut!" He picked up his knife and cracked his neck, running his fingers through his hair and took slow steps towards the dog and his master.

A sudden small guttural giggle was heard throughout the house. The man turned his head in confusion to see who it was.

"He's coming," the voice whispered

"Come down here," the voice whispered again, "you'll float down here."

He growled in aggravation and bent over to the woman, "I'll be back for you," he smiled

The man stood up, pleased at the beating he gave to the little brat.

But his smile disappeared when the sound of children came from the long end of the hallway. He walked over, looking around for the source of the noise. He came up to the end room; where there was a small man crouched down in the corner of the room, whispering to himself.

The man stared at the figure, who jerked roughly. The sound of bones cracking as he unraveled himself to reveal an abnormally large creature, his spine ripping out from its skin. He could hear the large creature begin to sing in a eerily gentle almost feminine voice.

"Tili tili bom...Close your eyes now....Someone's walking outside the house....And knocks on the door."

The man furrowed his brows, recognizing the lullaby. The figure standing at what looked like seven feet tall. Its skin was a sickly pale white and would twitch its head every so often.

"Tili tili bom....The night birds are chirping...He is inside the house," the figure's voice began lowering, turning its head to show a creature with no eyes, but a smile with thousands of sharp teeth, stained green and black.

The man pulled out his blade, positioning himself to attack the demon.

"You cannot kill a demon," he spoke, glaring at the figure who continued to sing.

"To visit those who cannot sleep....He walks," at these words the creature took one long step forward. Its long arms remaining at its sides.

The man growled and warned once more, "enough of the illusions!"

"He is coming...closer..." The creature charged for the man who swung his blade at its chest, the door shut rapidly and opened back up, his knife sliding across the room.

He looked around, holding reaching for his gun and pointed it shakily everywhere. His eyes widened when he heard a large amount of saliva fall to the ground behind him.

"Tili tili bom," it whispered

The man slowly turned his body to see the creature, smiling back at him, holding the knife open in its hand. As if to tease the man into grabbing it, he stared down at the knife and back up at the creature. Just as the man pulled up his gun the creature laughed hysterically and opened its mouth, lunging at him.

Sasha could hear a loud shriek coming from down the hall, her head was pounding and her vision was blurred, but she could make out a figure dragging her attacker through Bruce's paws. She could faintly make out his legs and how they were kicking around before hearing a loud crack and lying stiff on the ground.

Suddenly the man was dragged into the room, the door slamming and leaving a loud eerie cackle in its absence. Sasha shut her eyes in pain as her head fell back on her arm, Bruce began growling again. She lazily opened her eyes to see two feet standing a few feet away. Her eyes squinted trying to make out who it was, she saw two red bells on the shoes but let out a breath, using too much energy and shutting her eyes again.

Bruce glared up at the clown, his mouth full of blood and saliva that dripped down his outfit. He stared at Sasha with curiosity and amusement. He gave a crooked smile and cast his eyes over to the dog lifting his finger to hush it quiet.

Bruce whined and backed away from Sasha, sitting down behind her. The clown smiled and walked over to the woman, standing over her. He knelt down and Sasha opened her eyes to the blurry figure, he placed his long bloodied hands on her arms, lifting her up and bringing her up to his face. Staring at the blood dripping down her head.

She could make out a red smile and plaster face, she flinched away from him and attempted to push him away, his body was like stone and did not move.

"Get off me!" she shouted and began wriggling out of his grasp, making him smile even wider. Sasha shut her eyes and placed her hands in front of her face.

"Sasha!"

Sasha opened her eyes and looked up; Roman was looking at her with worried and confused eyes. She pushed him away, but he held onto her tighter.

"Hey! Hey stop, Sasha it's me, its Roman."

Sasha looked around; Bruce was gone as was the clown. She panted and looked up at Roman; she narrowed her eyes and growled.

"What are you doing here?"

Roman creased his brows, "I walk home too Sasha, this is the way I walk home every day."

Sasha stared at him, still feeling dizzy, "I heard screaming and loud crashing in here, I ran in as fast as I could and I saw you lying on the floor."

Sasha let out a breath and relaxed a bit, "what happened? Who hurt you? Was it that man?"

Sasha shut her eyes and held her head in pain; Roman watched her and placed his arms underneath her small frame. Sasha stiffened and gripped his collar, "what are you doing?"

Roman looked down at Sasha, "I'm taking you to the hospital."

Sasha shook her head, "no! I'm not going there."

Roman raised a brow, "have you seen yourself?"

Sasha glared up at him, "no hospital, I wanna' go home," she said breathlessly, "t...take me home."

Roman stared at her, sighing in defeat, "put your arm around me."

Sasha coughed up some blood and did as she was told, Roman smirked at her obedience. He lifted her gently while she winced out in pain.

"Easy, easy," he cooed

Roman held her tight and walked out of the house, Sasha glanced over his shoulder. The same tall figure with glowing ember eyes waving goodbye. She closed her eyes as her head fell onto the young man's shoulder.

8. Chapter 7: Stay

"Take off your coat," Roman ordered

Sasha stared at him and he rolled his eyes, "I'm just going to clean up the cuts, you're still bleeding if you didn't notice."

Sasha sighed and took off the black coat, throwing it on the kitchen table. Roman got out a first aid kit while Sasha watched. He turned around and opened it, grabbing a small hand towel off the counter and wetting it, cleaning off the blood.

Sasha hissed in pain, Roman looked at her, "hold still."

She looked down to see Bruce, laying in the dining room, his eyes on her.

"Mind telling me what you were doing in that house?" Roman asked

Sasha paused a few moments before shrugging, "there was a kid, yelling for help."

Roman looked up at her, his face frowning for some reason, "what kid?"

Sasha shook her head, "just this boy."

He wiped her arm that seemed to have a cut underneath all the blood and dirt. His face scrunched in confusion when there was nothing there.

"It's gone."

"Hm?"

Roman looked up at her, "the cut, it's gone."

Sasha looked down at her arm, "you sure it was there?"

Roman frowned, "yes."

She shrugged

Roman put down the rag and stared at Sasha, "what the hell is going on?"

Sasha glanced down to the ground, "nothing."

He placed both hands on each side of her body, "nothing," he repeated, "who are you?"

Sasha stared at him and bit her lip, "nobody," her eyes starting to water

Roman watched her face, he nodded slowly and turned away, grabbing his coat.

"Where are you going?" she asked

Roman headed for the door, "I'm leaving."

Sasha hopped off the counter and held her bruised side, "Roman."

Roman reached for the handle until Sasha's small hand fell over his, causing him to look up to see her next to him. He furrowed his brows and turned to the kitchen, glancing back to her eyes.

"How did you?" He shook his head, "Never mind. Sasha move."

She walked in front of the door, preventing Roman from leaving. She was contemplating her reasons for what she was doing, but she wasn't so sure herself. Roman looked down at her, she looked....scared?

Sasha stared at his collarbone, not wanting to look in his eyes, "Don't leave. Please."

Roman watched her, "I, I don't want to be alone. Not right now."

Roman relaxed, noticing a small birth mark right below her right eyes. He placed his hands on her arms, embracing her tightly. Sasha stiffened at his touch, he laid his head atop of hers and she relaxed in his arms. Closing her eyes, Roman took in her scent and clenched his

jaw. It was intoxicating.

Sasha's eyes burned as a single tear fell down her cheek, Roman looked down and cupped her chin, leaning over to place his lips on hers. She was taken aback by his sudden affection, she eased into his kiss. She opened her eyes to see Roman staring at her.

"Well how could I say no to that?" He joked

Sasha gave a small smile and leaned her head on the door, pondering what she was going to say next.

"Roman," she started

"There are people after me, who want to hurt me, bad people," she confessed

"Is that why you came here?"

Sasha nodded, "My brother thought I'd be safe far from the city, away from any danger."

Roman raised a brow, "well I hate to break it to you sweetheart, but I think that boat sailed a while ago when tall dark and creepy found out where you live."

Sasha glared up at him, "thank you, I didn't realize."

Roman sighed and ran his fingers through his hair, "have you spoken with your brother?"

She shook her head, "I'm sure the phone's been tapped by now. There's someone on the inside working against my brother. I can't risk anything."

Roman pursed his lips in thought, "so what now?"

Sasha shrugged, "I wait I guess."

Roman looked down at her, he looked down at her lips and leaned back down to meet them once more. Sasha complied, she could feel Roman becoming more forceful as he reached down and gripped her

legs, picking her up and pushing her up against the door. He broke the kiss and began licking her neck, Sasha closed her eyes and relished his touch. It's been a while since she's been with someone, finding it dangerous to get close.

She grunted when Roman picked her back up and head for her room, she held onto him tight, he was so tall. Roman looked down at Bruce, who gazed up at the man.

"Not tonight Scooby," he smirked and walked inside the room, kicking the door shut.

Bruce whined and laid down in front of the now shut door.

Roman looked down at the silver haired woman, her green eyes seemed to illuminate in the darkness. He gently placed her on the bed and stood over her. He lifted his fingers and brushed them across her lips, she stared up at him.

"You trust me?" he asked

Sasha sat still, "I hope so."

He smirked and laid her down on the bed, crawling over her small body.

Sasha let out a breath as Roman lowered to kiss her neck. She closed her eyes and ran her hands through his brown hair, a few strands falling over his face. Sasha suddenly felt a rush of dizziness and looked up at the ceiling, a bead of blood falling down her face.

Roman watched her and placed a hand on her cheek, unexpectedly licking the blood off her temple. He seemed to enjoy the taste and leaned down further to kiss her collarbone and undo her pants. Sasha held onto his wrists, Roman looked up at the small woman, stopping and looking at her gloved hands. He took the tight fabric of her glove and pulling it off, Sasha swiftly clutched his arm and stared at him, he looked up at her.

She stared until she allowed him to continue, he pulled off the glove to reveal a tattoo wrapped around her entire hand slightly covering

a part of her wrist as well. Roman seemed transfixed on the marking. Sasha sat up and kissed his jawline, bringing his attention back to her.

Roman looked at her and smirked, she unbuttoned his shirt and took it off to reveal his smooth skin underneath. Roman pulled her pants off and threw them in a pile on the floor, he crawled back on top of her and held her wrists to her sides. He kissed her fervently and grinded his hips, Sasha arched her back and moaned. The feeling of him just underneath his pants, he began unbuttoning his pants and threw them off. They both stared at each other, seeming unsure of what to do on both sides.

Sasha smiled and leaned back in to kiss his lips, pulling the covers over them. Roman eagerly complied, grabbing her and placing her on top of him.

"I don't think you're going to get much sleep tonight *princess*," he whispered, holding her hips

Sasha furrowed her brows, "what did you just say?"

Roman smiled, "You're not going to get much sleep tonight."

Sasha sat still, thinking back to the man in the Neibolt house. Roman squeezed her hips and pulled her face down to his. To be honest she didn't care at the moment, she allowed herself to continue. Closing her eyes, at least she wasn't alone.

9. Chapter 8: Twisted Games

"Sasha."

Sasha opened her eyes, all she could see was darkness, she could hear the soft breeze through the window making the long drapes blow and move around. She spotted the clock to see the time.

3:33 a.m.

She focused her eyes, as she stared longer, she could make out a figure forming from behind the drapes. She tried to focus her eyes and moved her head so she could see at a better angle. The movements behind were subtle but noticeable, she could see his Victorian suit and bright red bells. Sasha sat still, he didn't move, his eyes were glowing through the darkness.

Sasha laid still, not saying a word, she looked to the foot of her bed to see something red hit her eyes through the moonlight. A single red balloon began floating up from the floor, she stared and it as it stopped. She glanced back to the clown, a smile forming on his lips to reveal a wide bucktoothed and unnatural grin.

There was no sound, he made a theatrical step forward, Sasha didn't realize the breath hitched in the back of her throat as her pulse quickened. His large head tilted to the side, staring at her as if she were some sort of meal to him. She snaked her hand over towards the body lying aside her, hoping to wake Roman. The clown picked up his steps and leaned over towards the woman. Sasha glared at him, he took a long sniff and drooled, saliva falling onto her shoulder.

She roughly nudged the body and shot her head to the side, "Roman," she said sternly

She looked back to the clown who watched her, his mouth open, peering at her in amusement. He gripped hard onto her shoulder and she flinched turning to the other side of the bed only to meet those same ember eyes.

The clown giggled and gripped onto her neck, his smile full of

satisfaction and wonder. She winced and attempted to move away, ignoring the lingering soreness. The balloon suddenly popped, she shut her eyes and reached to cover her face.

"Woah, hey! Sasha calm down," Roman urged

Sasha opened her eyes to see his large blue gaze, he held on to her, looking confused and disheveled. She scanned the room for any sign of the clown. Her eyes landed on the clock.

5:30 a.m.

"What the hell?" she whispered

Roman looked around the room, "you alright?"

Sasha turned back to him and shook her head, "Yeah, sorry bad dream."

He paused, "okay," lying his head back on the pillow, pulling Sasha closer, holding her tight. He always felt cold, he was never warm.

He began playing with her long silver hair, "you worry me."

Sasha rested her head on his chest, hearing his heartbeat, "I worry myself sometimes."

He kissed the top of her head and sat up slowly, stretching out, Sasha could see his back muscles flex and thin scratches she made from the night before. She brushed her cold hand over the scratches and turned to look at her, smirking.

"Yeah that was you," he chuckled and leaned over to kiss her on the lips

She smiled in return and held the blanket over her body to cover her naked body. He looked down at her body, her wounds were gone. Sasha could feel slight pain on her back, but paid no mind. Roman reached down to grab his pants and finish putting his clothes on.

"You better get ready for work," he suggested

Sasha sighed, remembering her shift at the library, Roman put his coat on and adjusted his collar before leaning down to kiss Sasha. She closed her eyes as his gently lips fell onto her own, he stood back up and headed for the door.

"Try not to work too hard," he called out from behind

Sasha rolled her eyes, watching Roman open the door, he turned back one more time, winking at her and heading for the front door. Bruce walked out from the shadow in the corner of the room, she smiled. She could hear the front door close as Roman left.

"Hello Bruce, how are you feeling?" she asked

The dog wagged its tail and barked. She stood up from the bed and walked towards the bathroom, the thin sheet dragging along the floor. She dropped it once she closed the bathroom door and started the shower, she still felt a quick sting on her back and remembered the pain from before.

She walked over to the mirror and turned her back, her heart dropped when she saw deep claw marks all the way down her back. She looked like she'd been mauled by an animal, she could remember Roman being rough but not driving his nails into her skin so deep. His nails weren't long to being with so she wondered if it was even Roman to begin with, or if the clown had something to do with it.

It would take hours for the scratches to heal she thought, she sighed and entered the warm shower, letting the warm water fall on her bruised skin. She closed her eyes and drifted off in thought, feeling relaxed in the steamy water.

Sasha didn't have much work to do today, she decided to ride her bike to work today, not feeling up to walk. She flipped through a few more history books and decided to check a few out at the end of her shift. She sat down on the chair in the archives, thinking about everything happening, wondering if her brother was alright. She wanted so desperately to call him but knew that wouldn't be a smart decision. He'd let her know and judging by his lack of calls, he knew something was up as well.

She leaned back on the chair while Bruce sat at her feet, she let out a breath. Despite Roman's words, she was able to get more sleep last night than any other day throughout her stay here. She looked at her watch, only two hours passed and she still had another three to go.

She sighed and rubbed her temple, it was going to be a long day.

"Checking out?" The librarian asked

Sasha looked up while grabbing her coat, "uh yeah, I do a lot of reading so I figured I'd take a few books home with me."

The older woman stared at her, "wonderful," she smiled

Sasha raised a brow, "right."

She smiled and turned to head for the door with her books, she placed them in a small backpack she brought with her that day. She headed for her bike, Bruce followed close behind and stopped when she spotted some girls surrounding another.

"Heard your hanging around the Losers *Beaverly*," the blonde girl spat

The young girl with auburn hair simply stared at them, clearly upset in their presence. The blonde one pushed the girl with the short hair.

"You cut your hair to hang out with them? You trying to be a boy now?"

The two other girls began laughing and the girl frowned, staring at the ground. Trying to ignore their words, she started walk away before they blocked her. The blonde looked over to see a giant muddy puddle on the grass and looked back.

"Grab her," she ordered and the girls reached over to hold the young girl's arms

She began kicking and trying to get out of their hold.

"You look like you need a bath *Beaverly*," the blonde hissed

"Get off me!" the girl shouted

The girl began laughing, they turned to the puddle to see a woman with bright green eyes and cold gaze staring down at them. She stood in front of the muddied water.

"Having fun?" she asked

The girls looked at each other, Bruce stood beside her and glared at them. They didn't respond, Sasha looked down at the girl with auburn hair, who stared back with wide eyes.

"No answer? Odd, you couldn't seem to stop talking before?"

Her uninterested eyes bored into the blonde, looking her up and down.

"Who the hell do you think you are?" The blonde asked, releasing the girl's arm

Sasha smiled, "you know little girls like you usually turn out to be fat ugly housewives with cheating husbands when they get older."

The blonde visibly cringed at the insult, pleasing Sasha further.

"Human inequities are such an annoyance," saying more to herself than the girls

"What are you going to do beat us up?" the blonde scoffed

"Well you want to act like adults don't you? So your gonna' be treated like one."

"You can't we're just kids," the blonde countered

Sasha leaned over, her eyes growing darker and stared at the girl, "try me." She whispered

The blonde frowned and held her breathe, not sure whether to believe the stranger's threats or not. Bruce began growling, his sharp teeth dripping with drool and barked out loud.

The girls screamed and bolted in the opposite direction, dropping the short haired girl to the ground, just before the water. Sasha looked down at the girl passively, she looked up at her unknown hero.

"Uh. Thank you, but you didn't have to do that," she said

Sasha walked forward and placed her hand over, the girl took it and helped her up.

"They're going to keep messing with you until you stand up for yourself," she stated

The girl held her arm and sheepishly looked to the ground, Sasha quirked her head to the side, observing the young girl.

"I know," she placed her hands in her back pockets and looked up to the woman, "I'm Beverley."

Sasha blinked, "nice to meet you Beverly."

10. Chapter 9: Cat and Mouse

"You live here?" Sasha pointed to the small apartment building behind her

Beverley looked back and nodded, frowning in the process, "Yeah."

A man walked outside onto the porch, "Bevey, I'm leaving for work."

Beverley quickly looked up at the man, Sasha could see the way she jumped at the sound of the man's voice.

"Okay," she responded

The man stared at Sasha before walking back inside and closing the door. Bruce gave a low grunt, Beverley looked down at the dog.

"Is that your father?" she asked

Beverley nodded, "Yeah."

"Hm," Sasha hummed

Beverly shook her head and smiled down at Bruce, "I like your dog," she smiled, "does he bite?"

Sasha smirked, "only if you want him to."

Beverley gave an unsure look and Sasha chuckled, "don't worry, he won't bite you."

She smiled and cautiously lifted her arm for Bruce to sniff, he began wagging his tail and licked Beverley's hand, she knelt to pet him.

Sasha smiled, "see? Just a big ol' baby."

The young girl smirked while she scratched behind Bruce's ears, his favorite spot, he began kicking his back leg. She gave a soft giggle, she was a sweet girl.

"Well Beverley, I should be going, you gonna' be okay?"

"Yeah, I have some friends coming over," she replied, a quick look of worry appearing on her face

Sasha watched her, "okay, It was very nice meeting you, I'll see you around."

Beverley smiled and placed her hair behind her ear, "It was nice meeting you too and again, thank you."

Sasha shrugged, "I'm not too fond of bullies."

Beverley chuckled and headed back towards the stairs.

"Oh, and Beverley."

The young girl quickly turned around at Sasha's words, waiting for her to speak.

"I think your haircut looks just fine, it suits you," she winked

Beverley gave a happy smile, it was nice hearing those words and she made it quite clear she was grateful for the compliment.

Sasha began walking into the alley, she turned to Bruce, "Time to go home buddy."

Bruce Looked up at her and moved for the shadows, disappearing within seconds. Sasha walked up to her bike and hopped on, starting the engine and headed home.

The rest of the day was quiet, she hadn't heard from Roman but didn't complain, she liked a bit of silence at times. She took the opportunity to read, she made a cup of tea and sat down on her favorite armchair. Bruce laid down on the soft rug below.

She opened the book, shuffling through the pages, reading over the many deaths and disappearances. She couldn't help but notice the locations all connected with the sewer system, Sasha creased her brows and turned the page. That same picture of a clown in the distance of an old photo. She turned the page, the clown started getting closer. Sasha flipped through the book and each page

depicted the clown getting closer and closer. She turned to the last page where the clown's face was the only thing visible.

She slammed the book shut and let out a shaken breath.

Bruce began growling at the dark hallway; Sasha glanced up from her book in the direction Bruce was snarling at. She sat up from her position, setting her feet on the ground and stared at the darkness.

She narrowed her eyes in suspicion and reached under the armchair cushion to grab her switchblade.

"Sasha," a voice softly echoed throughout the building, she couldn't quite pinpoint where the sound was coming from.

The Doberman stood up as she did, the hair on his back standing up and his sharp teeth peeking through

Sasha remained still in the middle of the reading room and listened for anything out of the ordinary. Her demeanor calm and cold, she scanned the room, the lights began flickering before completely shutting off. The dog growled even louder.

"Easy Bruce," she calmed

"Poor little Sasha, all alone in such a strange town, no family, no friends?" The voice spoke up again, except this time from behind her

Sasha whipped out her knife and placed it behind her back, turning her head to see a dark shadow in front of the glass window. The sound of thunder cracking through the walls of the old house, it was nearly sundown. Sasha tried focusing her eyes to better see through the darkness.

"What do you want?" she asked

The figure let out a low chuckle, "I've been watching you Sasha, you're special, aren't you?"

Sasha clenched her jaw and stared at the shadow, "by special you mean outcast? Sure, why not," she took a step back

The figure chuckled again; suddenly Sasha could see his two ember orbs glowing in the darkness. Bruce stood in front of Sasha, protecting her from the unwanted visitor.

"What a nice dog," he said, despite seeing his face, Sasha could sense the grin on his face

"He's not too fond of people who invade his home," Sasha stated

The figure remained silent, "you have the mark of a serpent on your arm."

Sasha scrunched her face in confusion, "I'm not gonna' ask you again, what do you want?"

A bright flash of lightning flashed through the window, the figure disappearing in the process. Bruce began barking but remained by Sasha's side. She stood still for a minute or so before lifting her hand and snapping her fingers, turning on the lights in the house.

Sasha didn't see anything further, wondering if the intruder had gone. She let out a sigh of relief; she closed her eyes and turned around only for her throat to meet a long gloved hand squeezing her windpipe. She could finally see who it was, his plaster white skin, and a bright red smile that went all the way up to his eyes. His bright gold eyes pierced Sasha's green orbs; his grin became wide with delight as he gripped onto her small neck.

Bruce growled and jumped up to bite Sasha's attacker, the clown's attention left the young woman as he swiped his arm across the canine's jaw, knocking it to the opposite end of the room breaking the glass that was on the table. Sasha grunted and grappled onto his wrist with one hand.

The clown cackled once again, "your just too much fun aren't you?"

Sasha gritted her teeth but remained silent; the clown frowned at her refusal to participate in his games. He squeezed harder and she slightly wheezed in pain, shutting her eyes. He smiled at her discomfort and leaned in closer to her face.

"You're not human, are you?" he asked, his curiosity peeking with

childlike mannerisms

Sasha opened her eyes, staring coldly at the clown, "who are you?"

The clown smiled, his crooked teeth peeking through his blood-stained lips. He released his pressure on Sasha's neck and gave a small bow to introduce himself.

"I'm Pennywise, the dancing clown," he replied, the faint sound of bells jingling off his suit at his movements

Sasha recalled the pictures in Derry's history books, subtle hints at his existence buried in the almost untouched literature to the unusual history of the small town.

"So you're the reason for all the missing people in this town," she uttered in disdain

Pennywise chuckled with pride, "not a fan of my work?"

Sasha gave a look of disdain, "I'm not too fond of people who harm children."

Pennywise examined her features, as if he'd never come in contact with someone long enough to really look up close, her silver hair falling over her flustered face. His eyes fell back onto her dragon tattoo that covered most of her hand and wrist, Sasha took note of his intense focus on her arm and how he seemed so transfixed on it.

"It's a dragon," she said

His eyes shot back up to hers, his demeanor almost innocent in a way.

"My tattoo," she finished

Pennywise quirked his head, "why a dragon?"

Sasha watched him, "I didn't have much of a choice in that."

This peaked the clown's interest; she wondered what was going on in his head. What twisted schemes might be brewing in his head.

"No, you didn't have much of a choice in anything throughout your life did you?" Pennywise grinned

Sasha grimaced at his words, "you don't know shit."

Pennywise raised his brows in amusement, squeezing her throat harder, "pretty girls like you shouldn't say such nasty words."

He towered over small frame; Pennywise lifted her from the floor and smelled her, closing his eyes while he took in her scent.

"You don't smell afraid," he admitted irritably, he raised his hand as it transformed into a sharp claw through his glove and scratched Sasha on her cheekbone, making a deep gash. She winced at the pain and flinched away from his grasp, but to no avail.

He brought his finger to his mouth and tasted her blood, letting the flavor soak, "your blood tastes delicious!"

Sasha raised her foot to lie on his abdomen and leaned in, "it's not for you," she hissed and whipped her knife around to slice his large forehead. He howled in pain while his hand shot up to his head. Sasha flipped back and landed on her feet, fumbling a bit to catch her balance while holding her throat.

She stood up and turned to Bruce, who was standing behind the clown.

The dog seemed completely unharmed and his eyes were red, his growling louder than a regular dog's should be.

"Bruce. Fetch." She ordered

Pennywise turned to face the canine; he sprinted towards the clown and opened its jaws. The clown growled and raised his arm to prevent the dog from chomping down on his face.

The dog was strong and Pennywise realized its color was changing to pitch black fur, aside from its red eyes. The clown gripped onto the hound's neck with his claw and threw the dog into the guest room; it landed on the ground and twisted to head back out the door.

The door suddenly slammed shut and Pennywise could hear the hard scratching and growling of the beast behind it. He snarled and turned to see Sasha was gone, he glanced around the room and slowly walked over towards the front door, only to see it was wide open.

He then heard the sound of an engine rumbling, he glanced out the window to see Sasha speed past on her bike. He stared at her while she drove off, he then turned his head to the shut door, realizing the noise had stopped. They were both gone.

Pennywise smiled in amusement but quickly frowned and grunted at the thought of his meal running off.

Sasha glanced back to the town, it was now sunset and there was little light to lead her way. She sped up and made her way towards a bridge that covered a creek underneath. She wasn't sure where she was headed, but she figured anywhere out of this place was better.

She drove past the bridge and spotted a young child at the side of the road. She squinted her eyes, wondering if she was seeing correctly. The little boy was crying, he had on a yellow rain coat and was carrying a small paper boat.

She quickly halted to a stop as her tires made a loud screeching noise against the road. Sasha turned back to see no one, they were the only people there. She narrowed her eyes at the young boy, she figured he was lost, but then again wondered in suspicion as to why he was so far away from the town.

She stared at the child, still remaining on her bike. The boy seemed to be crying from what she could see in the dark, the only light available was from the moon, which didn't offer much.

"I want to go home," the boy cried

"How did you get out here?"

The boy began to cry once more, "He took me away."

She furrowed her brows, "who took you?"

The boy looked around him in fear, "Pennywise."

Sasha felt a shiver down her spine for some reason, something wasn't right. She could feel it, but she couldn't leave a child in the middle of the woods if this wasn't a trick.

Sasha cursed to herself, knowing she was being gullible, but she stepped off of the bike and walked over towards the boy. Who watched her in sadness and fear, gripping onto his little paper boat. Sasha's long trench coat blowing in the cool wind, she cautiously walked up to the boy, her heels clicking on the asphalt. She knelt down in front of him.

She inspected his face for any cuts or bruises, "what's your name?"

The boy looked to his rain boots and shyly replied, "Georgie."

Sasha nodded slowly, "well Georgie, where do you live?"

The boy pointed back to the town. Sasha sighed and turned to look in the boys eyes, he didn't seem to want to harm her; otherwise she figured the clown would have done something by now.

"Please help Billy," he asked, a single tear falling from his tiny face

Sasha gave a look of confusion, "whose Billy?"

"My big brother," he replied

Sasha looked to the side in thought before standing up and reaching her hand out, "c'mon, let's take you home."

The boy stared at her hand and bit his lip in nervousness, until finally grabbing onto Sasha's hand.

"It's okay, I'm not gonna' hurt you," she said

Georgie lifted his small hand and placed it in hers; she gave a warm smile before leading him towards the motorcycle.

He stared at it in awe, she looked down and chuckled: "What's wrong? Never been on one before?"

Georgie chuckled and shook his head no; she leaned down to pick him up and placed him on the seat. She swung her leg so that she was seated in front, "now Georgie I'm gonna' need you to hold onto me very tight understand? I won't go fast, but I don't want you falling off." she explained

The young boy held onto his boat and stared up at the young woman, she could see he didn't want to let go of his boat. Sasha turned her body, "here, I'll hold onto it so you don't drop it okay?"

Georgie glanced back down at his boat, he thought a few moments before finally giving it to Sasha. She grabbed in and placed it in her inner coat pocket.

"There, now it's not going anywhere," she smiled

Georgie smiled in return and hugged onto Sasha, who stiffened slightly at his touch. She looked down and placed her hand on his head, rubbing her thumb over his forehead.

"Okay," she said, breaking the silence and turning back around, "hold on tight Georgie."

"Okay," he spoke from behind her, his small arms wrapped around her slim frame as tight as he could

She started her bike and revved it up, hearing Georgie's excited giggled, making her smirk. She kicked in the ignition and sped up back towards the town of Derry.

They drove past the incredibly decrepit house on Neibolt Street; she stared ahead, not wanting to pay any mind to it.

Georgie led her towards a small blue house in the suburbs of Derry; she slowed the bike down, hoping she wasn't making too much noise to wake the neighborhood. She turned off the bike and looked around, seeing that no one was outside.

"Okay Georgie," she turned only to see that the boy was nowhere to be found. She quickly looked around, worried that Georgie might have fallen off, but she felt his arms when they stopped. She lowered the kickstand and stood up checking everywhere for the small boy in

the raincoat.

"Georgie?" she called out

Was he just a figment of her imagination? She thought to herself, He couldn't have been, he was so real?

She leaned against her bike in thought and pure confusion, she ran her fingers through her hair and suddenly remembered the boat Georgie had given her, she quickly reached inside of her pocket and sighed in relief when she felt the paper boat inside.

She pulled the boat out and looked at it, *S.S. Georgie*

She stood in silence before turning her head to the little blue house Georgie had led her to. He wanted her to help her brother.

"Billy," she whispered to herself, wiping away the blood to reveal the smooth skin where her cut used to be. Sasha stared off in the distance in deep thought, there was more to this quiet town than she initially thought.

11. Chapter 10: Lies

Sorry for some spelling errors or repeated words, I tend to write these when I'm super tired. I apologize so please bear with me. BTW I guess I should say I don't own any of Stephen King's characters just my own. :p

Sasha walked through the neighborhood, Bruce followed and observed the area. She walked until she stopped a few houses down from where Roman lived. She pondered whether she should knock on the door or not, she began walking when she saw a woman step out and throw out garbage in the trash can. Sasha wondered who the woman was if Roman didn't mention anyone else he lived with.

She narrowed her eyes at the thought of Roman lying to her, she let out an angered breath and headed back to the house.

"That slimy piece of shit," she hissed

She slammed the door shut and Bruce winced at her sudden outburst. He watched his owner stomp to her room and lock the door. Clearly not wanting to be bothered. Bruce retreated to the soft rug in the reading room and laid down.

"You've read them already?" The librarian asked

Sasha didn't bother to look at the woman and nodded, "I skipped some things, but I'm finished with them now."

The librarian smiled and took the books.

"Actually uhm, do you think I could leave early today? I'm not feeling too well."

The older woman looked at her, "Of course."

Sasha picked up her coat and headed for the stairs to go outside. She stopped when Roman blocked her from the small hallway leading to the other exit of the building.

"There you are," he smiled, leaning in to peck her on the lips

Sasha avoided his kiss and glared up at him, he stood confused.

"What's wrong?" he asked

Sasha scoffed, "You know I really started to believe you, the whole good guy wanting to help the new girl act was actually getting to me."

Roman gave an awkward chuckle, "what are you talking about?"

Sasha shoved past him and Roman quickly grabbed her arm, she turned around and slapped his face. Roman stood there, staring to the side, his lips drawing a thin line in anger.

Sasha stared at him, "That whole lecture about not knowing me and thinking I had things to hide, when you weren't even being truthful yourself Roman."

Roman slowly looked at her but said nothing. Sasha shook her head at him, "Your nothing but a liar, a fake."

"You're making a mistake," he spoke

Sasha shook her head, "No, you are."

With that Sasha turned on her heel and barged out the door, leaving the young man standing alone in the hall.

The town was filled with crowds of people, Sasha peered down the street to see a marching band and kids playing. She looked around at the festivities, she walked through the park and spotted the large lumberjack statue, wondering why she never saw it before.

She walked along the grass, Bruce glancing around at the many things happening around them. It was odd finally seeing this amount of people here, she couldn't recall much of their faces.

"So let me get straight, this thing comes out every 27 years to eat kids

for like a year?" Eddie asked

Sasha walked through a crowd of people, ignoring the celebration and crowds of people. All the excitement turning into white noise. Although she stood out, it was as if no one paid her no mind, as if she didn't exist. Her mind flowing back to endless and pestering thoughts. Bruce sniffed around at the mixture of smells.

"What are you afraid of Richie?"

The boy adjusted his glasses and responded, "Clowns."

Sasha slowed her pace as she listened more to the conversation.

"What about you Billy?" another voice spoke

Sasha ears perked up, *Billy*, she turned her head to see a thin boy with brown hair glance up at her. He watched he in suspicion while she stood in the movement of the crowd. She observed him, but just as Billy was about to point out the woman, she vanished in the crowd of people passing by.

"What is it?" Eddie asked

Billy examined the crowd, looking for the woman with silver hair. The Losers all looked at what he was so focused on, trying to figure out what made him so quiet.

"Nothing."

Bill rode his bike through the neighborhood, he said goodbye to his friends and decided it was time to go home, despite how much he hated being there. Having to face all the reminders of Georgie, he always felt a part of him was gone. He just held on to the fact that his baby brother was missing and so desperately hoped he would find him soon.

The boy came to a stop, his eyes eyes watering at the thought of his brother. He glanced over to see that house, he could hear whispers of children coming from inside. He took a breath and dropped his bike, walking towards the gate, staring up at the old Victorian home.

"Weird isn't it?" A voice spoke behind him

Bill jumped and turned to see that very same woman he'd seen at the festival, she had a large dog with pointed ears staring right at him, it was as if he could understand what they were saying.

"W...What is?" he asked

Sasha stared at him, "How much pain could be kept up inside one house. It's as though you could feel it seeping through the walls."

Bill looked back at the house, he didn't know what to say, fearing she might be another trick that IT conjured. She could be dangerous, so the boy kept his distance.

Sasha followed his eyes, "What were you trying to do?"

Bill looked to the ground, "J...Just looking."

Sasha nodded and quirked her head, "Looked to me like you were about to go inside."

Bill continued to stare at the ground, Sasha noticed his reluctance to speak to her, more so than his friends she's ran into before.

"It's not safe in there Bill," she urged

Bill's eyes shot up to hers, she had such a stoic demeanor but her features were oddly welcoming, "How d...d...do you know m..my name?"

Sasha smiled, "I know a lot more than your name kiddo."

Bill glanced down to the dog and back up to her, his suspicion growing, she had to be an illusion, "Y...You're not real."

She raised a brow, "Uh, no I'm pretty real."

Bill backed away slowly towards his bike, Sasha did not move, she wasn't trying to scare the boy.

Bill stopped, "W..w..why are you f...following me?"

Sasha looked back at the house, "I'm making sure you stay out of trouble."

Bill gave a look of confusion, "W...why?"

Sasha sighed, "Good question."

She thought to herself and asked the same question. Wondering why she was going through so much trouble to help kids that meant nothing to her.

"I was asked to," she said aloud

Bill swallowed down his feelings, "W...who did?"

Sasha sighed and shook her head, "You need to stay away from this house Bill, do you understand?"

Bill stared at her, wondering why this stranger was so dead set on keeping him away from the house. He wondered if she had anything to do with Georgie's disappearance in any way.

"Who are you?" He asked

"A friend," she replied, "now go home Bill."

Bill watched the woman, her dog turning its head to stare at something inside. He turned back to Sasha and grabbed his bike, jumping on and pedaling back home. She watched him leave, making sure he was gone, she glanced down to Bruce.

"Come," she ordered and headed home.

Sasha looked ahead, not paying any attention to Roman's house, she was about to walk past the yard when a red ball bounced in front of her. She stopped and looked to see a little girl running up to grab her ball. She hopped over and picked it up, smiling up at Sasha, she looked no older than seven years old.

"Hello," she said

Sasha watched the girl, her eyes falling on Bruce, "puppy!" she lunged forward and Bruce flinched at the child's sudden movements while she wrapped her arms around the Doberman's neck. He glanced up at his owner who scoffed seeing Bruce so confused and nervous. He didn't move, he didn't know what to do.

"Annie! You ask before petting someone's dog!" The woman Sasha had seen the night before came walking up to what she assumed was her daughter.

"I'm so sorry, she has no control when it comes to animals," the woman apologized

Sasha forced a smile, "It's not a problem, he's good with kids."

The woman smiled and held her hand out, "I'm Kate."

Sasha looked at the woman's hand and reluctantly lifted her hand to shake the woman's, "Sasha."

"You're our new neighbor right?" she asked

Sasha nodded.

"How are you getting on here?"

She shrugged, "Settling in one day at a time."

"Where are you from?"

"New York."

Kate raised her brows, "oh wow, so this must be a big change for you then?"

Sasha smirked, "It's been interesting."

Sasha looked up to see a man walk out of the garage, it wasn't Roman, Kate turned and called him over, "Honey, come meet our neighbor!"

The man smiled and headed over towards them, by this point the

little girl tried to play with Bruce, who only stared at the child passively. The man nodded and shook Sasha's hand, "Nice to meet you."

Kate placed a hand on the man's shoulder, "Sasha this is my husband Curt."

Sasha stared at them, "nice to meet you."

Kate turned to her husband, "She's from New York."

"Oh wow, what a difference," he chuckled

Sasha smiled, "Yea, it's fairly quiet here."

The parents smiled, Sasha spoke up, trying to avoid any awkward silence, "You've lived here long?"

The couple nodded, "Oh yeah we've been here all our lives, this house was his mother's. We got it after she passed away."

Sasha stood confused, "So it's just you guys here then?"

Kate tilted her head, "Well yes, and our cat, but that's it."

Sasha creased her brows in confusion, "So you don't know Roman?"

The couple both looked to each other, "Whose Roman?"

Sasha's heart dropped when she heard these words, wondering if this was even the house he pointed out to. If she made a mistake, but they walked right in front, he pointed to this house.

Sasha closed her eyes and shook her head, "What do you do if you don't mind me asking?" she looked at Curt

Curt chuckled, "it's no problem, I'm a writer."

12. Chapter 11: Loser

Sasha sat on her balcony, becoming more and more in a daze as she stared at the sky, she wasn't sure if she was angry, confused, hurt or all the above. She took a drag from her cigarette and relaxed into her seat, propping her legs onto the railing. Bruce was chewing on a bone she had gotten him at the market that day.

It was quiet, nothing but the faint sound of children, she closed her eyes, her thoughts rushing back to Roman. Wondering where he was and who he was.

She blew out smoke and let her gloved hand fall over the chair. She ran her fingers through her scalp, feeling the cool breeze blow through her hair. She let out an exasperated breath and placed her fingers over her eyes, tears falling in both exhaustion and stress.

She stood up and walked into her room, standing in front of the mirror. She looked at herself, taking her shirt off and turning her back to reveal her smooth skin. There were no marks, no scratches, not one single sign of Roman's touch anywhere on her body.

"So we've all seen the same lady then?" Eddie asked

"She's nice," Beverly inputted

"Yeah, she was there when I saw the Leper," Eddie added

"S...S..She told me to stay away from t...the house on Neibolt," Bill stuttered

"Then maybe we should listen to her," Stan said, not wanting anything to do with the situation

"Is she hot? Why don't I see this shit?" Richie asked

"Shut up Richie," Eddie spat

"Maybe she's a ghost or something?" Mike asked

Bill looked up at his friends, "Ghost or not s...s...she knows about *It*."

"Yeah but how? She's new to the town, how do we know she even exists?" Mike asked

"I've seen her working at the library," Ben said, remembering the woman spending most of her time in the lower level of the library.

"W...We need to find out who s...s...she is," Bill responded

"Why is that important?" Stan asked

Bill turned to his friends, "B...B...Because she's the only grown up whose s...s...seen *It*."

Sasha's eyes grew heavy, she lifted her hand to cover them. Bruce shot up from chewing his bone and peered in the direction of the front door downstairs. Sasha noticed his movements and listened for a noise. She took one last drag of her cigarette and threw it over the railing, standing up and making her way towards the front door.

There, at the entrance of the house, lay a single white envelope, Sasha glanced outside to see the mailman walk off down the street. Sasha walked down the stairs and picked up the message, she turned it over, no return address, it was just address to her name. Sasha tilted her head, opening it to see it was from her brother. Her let out a breath and hastily unraveled the letter. She expected to see a letter of John claiming he was alright, so she didn't understand when the only words on the paper wrote:

They're coming.

Sasha stared at the words for a few minutes, trying to understand what they meant. Bruce walked out of the shadows, his bone in his mouth clumsily. She was deep in thought and nearly jumped when she heard a knock at the door. Sasha shot a glare at the door and peaked through the window, she was shocked when she realized who was on the other side.

Opening the door, Sasha looked down at the group of kids.

"Sasha?"

"Can I help you?"

Bill walked forward and nervously spoke up, "W...We need to talk to you."

She stared at them for a while before sighing and opening the door, Bruce dropped his bone and watched the Losers walk inside. They walked inside, one of the boys with curling hair staring at her as he walked inside, she shut the door and turned to face them.

"Listen you kids really shouldn't be here," she urged

They turned to look at her, Eddie slightly hopping up and down in fear they were going to get in trouble. Bill seemed to be the only one who had the guts to speak up.

"H..How d...do you know about It?" he asked

Sasha stood confused, "who?"

The kids looked at each other, Eddie turning to Sasha and quickly saying, "Pennywise."

Sasha opened her mouth to speak, but couldn't find the right words to say. She looked to the dining table.

"Have a seat."

"Do kids drink coffee I don't know?" she asked, pouring a cup for herself and walking over towards the large table.

The kids sat at the table and shook their heads before Richie smiled and raised his hand. Stan rolled his eyes and brought it back down.

"No thank you," Beverly smiled

Sasha smiled and shrugged, "Suit yourself."

She leaned against the counter of the kitchen, the kids looked at one

another, unsure of what to ask the strange woman. They didn't think she would let them inside in the first place, so it was surreal almost to be sitting in her house while she offered them coffee.

Bill looked to her hand and saw a dragon tattoo, while she brought her arm up to take a sip of the hot beverage. Bruce walked into the room and Beverly smiled, reaching her hand out so Bruce could come over.

Richie turned to see the large canine and backed away, "there's a horse in your house."

Beverly rolled her eyes, "his name's Bruce."

Richie raised his hands, "hey I'll call him whatever he wants as long as he doesn't bite my dick off."

Eddie shook his head and shamefully placed his hand on his face, "seriously Richie?"

The boy adjusted his glasses, "what?"

Bill turned to Sasha, "H...Have you s..seen It?"

Sasha placed her cup down and walked over to the bumped-out windowsill in her dining room, sitting down on the cushion, "a few times."

Ben turned to her, "why can you only see it?"

Sasha looked to the chunkier boy and shook her head, "I don't know."

"What do you know about him?" Ben asked

Sasha thought back to the books and the illusions, "I know he's dangerous, especially for you kids."

Bill looked to the table, "H..Has he attacked y..you?"

Sasha stared at Bill and nodded.

Richie and Eddie backed away from Bruce, Beverly did something to

make the dog playfully jump back and bark, making Richie fall into the cabinet behind them, dragging Eddie with him. Resulting in guns and bullets falling out of the cabinet.

The Losers all stared at the weapons now on the ground, "Holy fuck." Richie whispered

Eddie stood behind Richie and held onto his shirt in fear, Beverly stopped smiling and stood up quickly looking Sasha. Who remained seated, she closed her eyes in aggravation, "shit."

They looked back over to Sasha, "Why do you have all this?" Beverly asked

Sasha pursed her lips in thought, "you know it's very rude to come into someone's home and start interrogating them."

Bill stood from his seat, they all hastily headed for the door. Sasha couldn't let them leave, if word got out, she was sure she would reveal her location much quicker than before. Eddie and Richie were yelling out in fear and tripping over one another while the rest of the kids forced themselves through the hall to get to the front door.

They turned the corner through the arched pillars only to meet Bruce's sharp gaze blocking the door. They began panicking and turned back to see Sasha nonchalantly walking from the opposite end of the hall. She stared at them and lifted her finger, waving it side to side, almost chastising the kids for trying to escape.

"Y...Your helping him!" Bill accused, Beverly hanging onto his arm

Sasha furrowed her brows, "Helping him?" she began laughing, "that assholes got another thing coming if I see his face again."

They continued to stare at her, "who are you?" Ben asked

Sasha placed her hands in her pockets, "if I answer your questions, do you promise not to run out of here like lunatics and tell your parents?"

They gave glances to each other before turning back to Sasha, "Okay." Bill replied

She slowly turned around and headed bac to the entrance of the dining room, nudging her head in the direction of the table. The Losers cautiously walked along the halls, clutching onto one another, Stan didn't move, Richie began dragging him with.

Sasha walked and sat back down on the windowsill, crossing her legs and resting her arms on them. Watching the kids slowly sit back down at the table. Bruce walked at the entrance and sat down, guarding the door.

Sasha stared at them, snapping her fingers ad turning on the small chandelier above them. They all looked up in confusion, she lowered her hand and placed it on her leg.

"Talk."

13. Chapter 12: The Truth

Okay guys so I'm sorry for this chapter being so short, I promise I'll post a new one as soon as I can later on today. I'm glad your liking it, I really tried to think of a good way to keep both the Loser's story and Sasha's connected and make sense. Also Sasha is someone I actually created for another big fandom and I thought she would be fun to sort of 'crossover' with Stephen King's universe. Anyway please let me know what you'd like to see more of. Like I said I'm open to some ideas! Thank you everyone for taking the time to read this, I didn't think it was something worth posting before and now I'm happy with people actually liking it.

"Llama?" Richie asked

Sasha rolled her eyes, "Lamia."

Beverly looked down to the dog still sitting firmly by the entrance, "and Bruce?"

Sasha smiled and looked over to him, his ears perked up at the sound of his name, "he's a hell hound."

"What's the hell is a hell hound?" Richie asked, blocking Eddie's view

She sighed, "a supernatural creature that feeds on the souls of its victims."

"Well that's neat," he replied

Stan glanced to Eddie, thinking the woman was slightly off her rocker.

Bill looked at Sasha, "How old are you?"

She paused and thought about it, "The demon that possesses my body is centuries old."

Beverly stared at the young woman, "You don't look centuries old."

Sasha chuckled, "those are the perks of being what I am."

"If your possessed, couldn't you like, exorcise it? Like that movie," Eddie asked

She scoffed, "doesn't work like that."

Ben turned to Sasha, "What kind of demon is a Lamia?"

Sasha looked down at her tattoo, "According to the Greeks, a Lamia is a half goddess, half serpent."

"A goddess?" Eddie asked

Sasha smirked, "I'm no goddess, but in ancient times, they believed she was also something to that of a demon that preys on children."

The Losers all looked anxiously at her, "I don't hurt children. It's also partially why I'm being hunted down."

"W..Whose looking for you?" Bill questioned

Sasha leaned back, "An occult, they preys on humans, seeking vessels to live among them. My brother and I, we were chosen by their leader. We were orphans, raised by the man who decided I was to take his place when the time came because I was the first half human, half demon to survive that was a female. But the thing about demons, is that in order to thrive and become 'the purest of what we are,' they have to do terrible things."

Richie sat up in his seat, "What kind of things?"

Sasha shook her head, "things you don't ever forget or forgive yourself for doing."

The Losers all sat quiet.

Bill glanced back down to her tattoo, "and t...that?"

Sasha lifted her hand, turning it so she could see the body of the dragon wrapped around her arm, "it's their way of marking you to show what are, in my case, it's a serpent."

Mike adjusted in his seat, Sasha looked in his direction, "so that's why you ran away."

She nodded, "I can't face an entire cult of them on my own, they're too strong."

"What are you going to do?" Eddie asked

Sasha smiled and shrugged, "I don't know. Wait for my orders I guess."

Bill watched Sasha, the more she spoke the more he could see she was just as afraid as they were, "How d..do you kill them?"

She pondered his words, before standing up and walking over to the table, she waved her hand over the mahogany surface, a small cloud of black smoke appeared below her reach. The Losers watched as they spotted a sharp blade, embroidered with wording appear once the smoke dissipated.

They sat in shock, staring at what just happened, as if trying to wrap their head around what just happened.

"It's a Seraph blade," she started

Ben looked up at the woman, "what's a Seraph blade?"

Sasha picked up the knife, "It's the only proper way to kill a demon."

Bill looked at the long blade, "T...This can't be real."

Sasha looked at the boy, "Demons are very real Bill."

"And if you keep thinking about them, they tend to show themselves."

"So, is Pennywise like a demon or something?" Eddie asked

Sasha shook her head, "I don't know what he is, there are different creatures out there in the world. He could be anything from a demon to some sort of animal. Which is why you all need to stay away from It."

"I agree," Stan responded

Bill looked down at the table, thinking, "C...Couldn't you help us?"

Sasha gave a passive glance, "I am helping you. I'm telling you to leave It alone."

14. Chapter 13: Nothing but Trouble

Sasha sat on the windowsill, looking out into the neighborhood. She was glad she didn't have to work or leave the house for that matter. Bruce walked into the room and stood still, she glanced over.

"What?"

Bruce whined

She turned back to the window, "What more do you want me to do? I can't kill something I can't find."

He stared at her, he gave a low groan and walked out of the room. She sighed and sat up in her seat, she spotted Bill on his bike, riding down the street.

She shook her head, "no, he's fine. They're fine. Don't get involved."

She stood up and headed towards the bathroom, she hoped a nice shower would calm her nerves. She stopped to look in the mirror, she glanced down to see the small box on the counter. Remembering the silver locket Johnathan had given her, she wrapped the thin silver chain around her neck, opening it to see her and her brother when they were kids.

She smiled while she closed the door and turned on the faucet, there was a small window looking out into the backyard of the house. She spotted a figure near the trees, doing a double take, but there was nothing there.

She stared outside, she could have sworn she'd seen a yellow rain jacket.

"Wow," Richie said

Ben turned to him, "what?"

"He didn't stutter once," Richie replied, walking forward up to the house.

"Wait!" Stan shouted

The Losers all turned to the curly haired boy.

"Shouldn't we have some people keep watch?" he asked nervously, "In case something bad happens?"

Bill looked over his friends, "W...Who wants to stay out here?"

At this all hands except for Beverly raised. Richie turned around, closing his eyes, knowing he was going to be one of the lucky volunteers, "Fuck."

Sasha rinsed the soap out of her hair and closed her eyes, she relaxed in the warm water.

"Sasha."

She opened her eyes, looking down to the drain and wondering if she heard correctly. She turned the water off and listened.

"I see you."

Sasha quickly covered her naked body and lowered herself to look further down the drain. She felt a long hand touch her wet back and jumped up to turn her body. She ripped open the shower curtain, there was nothing there. Sasha held her breath when she felt two long arms snake around her bare waist. Her muscles stiffened while she continued to look ahead, focusing on the hot breath on her ear.

"Hello Sasha," he spoke in a kidlike manner, his voice was soft and squeaky despite his deep tone

Sasha's heartbeat seemed to be the only thing she could hear, her vision becoming blurry out of anxiety. She refused to move, her eyes fell to see his long-gloved hands and ruffled sleeves, his arms clutched onto her small body even tighter. She could hear her him giggle and feel the vibration on her body, he smelled her hair and dragged his long tongue from her shoulder all the way up to her jawline.

Sasha clenched her jaw, "why are you here?"

Pennywise smiled, "Because I can finally smell your fear. And it's so yummy. Almost as much as those kids."

Sasha squirmed in his hold, the clown only squeezed her harder, "Stay away from them or I'll kill you."

Pennywise chuckled at her words, "How are you going to protect them when you can't even protect yourself?"

Sasha grunted and turned her head, strands of hair falling over her eye. Pennywise was smiled down at her, his eyes looking at the smooth skin on her collarbone. His eyes twinkled with interest, she rammed her elbow into his chest and he began cackling. He grabbed her arm and twisted it behind her back, making her wince out in pain.

"You're so much fun to play with! But all good things sadly come to an end," he said, drool forming at his mouth

Sasha watched as his grin formed countless rows of sharp teeth, he held on to her tight as she watched in horror while the clown opened his large mouth. She turned her head and sharply kicked her leg into his groin, she was able to gain enough momentum to fall forward. Bruce came barging through the door. Sasha looked back to see that the clown was gone. Bruce looked down at her, sniffing her head before licking her cheek. She took the towel and covered her body, she panted and lifted herself from the ground. She walked out of the bathroom to see small footprints leading to her room.

She followed them and opened her door, her eyes widened when she realized who was standing over by her window.

"Georgie?"

"Where the fuck were her legs!" Richie shouted, slamming the door shut on a half-eaten illusion of Betty Ripsom

Bill grabbed Richie, "T..This isn't real, remember the missing kid poster? T..That wasn't real so this isn't real."

He looked back to the door marked *Not Scary At All*

"You ready?" he asked

Richie shook his head, "No!"

Bill opened the door to reveal the empty hallway.

"Oh, thank fuck," Richie sighed

"Come on this way!" Bill pulled Richie towards the kitchen here they heard Eddie screaming for help.

Sasha cautiously walked over towards the small boy, he peered up at her with his big eyes.

"What are you doing here?" she asked

Georgie scrunched his face in worry, "it's Billy, he's in trouble. You have to help him!"

Sasha knelt down in front of the boy, "Where is he?"

Georgie bit his lip, "the well house."

Sasha stared at him, she let out an exhausted sigh, knowing this was a bad idea.

"No! No! No! No!" Eddie cried

Richie and Bill huddled at the end of the room, holding onto Eddie as they watched the evil clown growl from behind his back. The metal rod sticking out of his skull. Stan, Mike and Ben all backed away near the other side of the kitchen.

"Guys!" he yelled

"Watch out!" Mike shouted

The clown turned to reveal fangs peeking from the side of his face, copious amounts of saliva falling out of its mouth. His gloved hand

turning into a claw, ripping the fabric to pieces and slowly walking over towards the Losers. Pennywise lunged at the group and howled, making them all screech in fear. Causing Pennywise to let out a loud maniacal cackle.

They had nowhere to go and no way of escaping the homicidal clown. Suddenly a low growl came from behind the kids, Bill turned his head to see Bruce walk out of the shadows and saunter towards It. The clown growled at the now black canine, the dog's eyes growing red as he positioned himself in front of the kids.

Click

Pennywise turned his head to see Sasha's cold green eyes stare angrily at him. A gun pointed directly in the back of his skull.

"your move," she stated dryly

The clown began to smile and looked back at Bill before quickly grabbing hold on Sasha's neck, Bruce was ready to pounce when Pennywise hissed out in pain. He retracted his hand, his flesh burning. Sasha looked down at her locket, *silver*, she shot her hand up to pull the trigger before Pennywise snarled and thrashed his hand to scratch Sasha in the abdomen. She fell back, holding on tightly to her stomach.

Pennywise retreated to the basement of the house, clearly outnumbered and wounded. Bruce barked and bolted down towards the stairs. Bill watched the dog and stood up, "We can't let him get away!" He followed Bruce.

"Bill!" Sasha yelled

The Losers called out for him in fear of their friend getting eaten by Pennywise. Ben and Mike ran over towards Sasha, who looked over at the entrance to the basement.

Bill stopped behind Bruce, who watched the clown disappear into a large well in the middle of the room. Bruce looked up at the boy, who was slightly shocked at Bruce's unsettling features. The dog nudged Bill in the direction of the stairs, he gave one last glance at

the well before following Bruce back upstairs.

"Bill!" Eddie shouted

Sasha forced herself to stand up, Ben looking up at her, "Are you okay?"

Sasha gritted her teeth, "I'm fine."

Richie adjusted his glasses and shakily reached for Eddie's broken arm, "I...I'm going to pop it back into place!"

Eddie glared at his friend, "Don't you fucking touch me!"

Sasha hear a snap and watched as Eddie cried out in pain. She leaned against the sink she had broken last encounter there and stared at the kids.

"Leave," she ordered

"Aren't you coming?" Beverly asked

"I said leave."

The kids all picked up and hurried out of the house, Bruce walked over to Sasha while he watched the Losers escape to freedom. Sasha stared at the door before glancing down to Bruce, after a few moments they disappeared, leaving a small puddle of her blood on the ground.

15. Chapter 14: Conflicted

Sasha pulled up her shirt to reveal three distinct claw marks on her skin, she placed her cigarette in her mouth and picked up the cup of liquid. She hesitated before pouring it on her wounds, she grunted at the stinging and slammed the cup back onto the counter.

Bruce lowered his ears at his owner's pain, they both looked up towards the door, hearing the doorbell ring. She rolled her eyes and stood up. She blew out smoke, placing the cigarette in the ashtray and turned the handle.

"Bill?" she asked

The young boy looked up at the young woman, he was upset, Sasha leaned back onto the door frame. He didn't say a word, he only stared at Sasha, she looked to the ground and opened the door further.

"Come on," she said

Bill looked inside and walked underneath Sasha's arm, she looked back outside to make sure no one was watching.

She turned around and shut the door, "what do you want Bill?"

Bill gulped, "W...We could stop him. W..We know where he is and now we could s..save G..Georgie."

Sasha's eyes softened, she knelt in front of the boy, "How are you so sure Georgie is even down there?"

Bill tensed at the question, "H..He has to be. I promised him I'd find him."

"And what about your friends?"

Bill shamefully looked out the window

"I suppose blood is thicker," she said passively

Sasha watched him, "I'm sure if I were Georgie, I'd want you to be

safe and stop trying to get yourself killed."

Bill's lips drew a fine line, "you're not Georgie."

She stood up, "No, I'm not, but that doesn't mean I want you to chase after something that's clearly more powerful than a group of kids."

Bill looked to the wooden floor, Sasha shook her head and pulled Bill over towards the table, sitting him down and taking his hand. Bill sat confused, Sasha was being so nice to him.

"Bill, Georgie..." she started

Bill watched her, sitting up at the sound of his brother, she closed her eyes, "...Is lucky to have a brother like you."

He gave a small smile and looked over towards the cabinet, where she kept all her weapons in.

"You thirsty?" She asked

Bill quickly looked back to Sasha, he trailed his eyes in thought, "S..Sure."

She nodded and walked over towards the fridge. She picked up two glasses and headed back to the dining table, but to her dismay, Bill was gone. She stood confused with the cups in her hands. She saw the door was half open and looked out to see Bill ride off on his bike. Wondering if he was startled by something.

She looked around and noticed the cabinet was open, she quickly set the glasses down and walked over. One of her Seraph blades were missing, she turned to Bruce.

"And what were you doing? Just sitting there?"

Bruce winced and laid back down on the floor, she hurried over towards the door, Bill was long gone.

"Dammit!"

She slammed the door shut and headed down the hall until

something caught her eye.

A single red rose placed on the table in the hallway. She walked over towards it and looked around. She picked up the flower and examined it, Bruce began growling. Sasha turned her body towards him taking a step forward, she was met with a glass vase to her head. She fell to the ground, she could see a man walk out of the spare room.

She narrowed her eyes to see another one of Romanoff's workers standing over her. Bruce ran after the man as he turned to shoot the dog in the neck, causing the dog to fall to the ground.

"That should keep you down for a while," the man spoke

"Bruce!" she shouted

The man turned back to Sasha and leaned over her slim body, "Your turning soft, I wonder if I should make a visit to little Bill's house after I deal with you."

Sasha punched the man and lifted her legs to wrap around his throat. He lifted her up and threw her into the wall, making a significant dent. She held onto her abdomen, ripping the marks even further.

The man fixed his collar, he began walking over, "You just let him up and leave with the one thing that can protect you."

Sasha glared at the man, "What makes you think I only have one?"

The man snickered, pulling up her blade and tossing it in front of her.

"Come on pretty girl."

Sasha sat still a few moments before lunging forward to take the knife, the man quickly grabbed a hand full of her hair, making her look at him.

"Too slow."

He then pulled her head back and slammed his fist into her cheek, her body collapsing to the ground. She took one last look at Bruce,

his eyes watching her, but he couldn't move. Her eyes slowly fell and everything faded to black.

Sasha was torn from her slumber when a fierce burning was felt all over her skin. She cried and looked up to see the man hold an empty bottle

Holy Water

She began panting at the pain, she looked down to see she was tied to a chair, she also took note of the Devil's trap she was in.

Her head turned to see Bruce, wincing out in pain as he bled on the floor.

She clenched her fists and turned to the man, "what did you do to him?"

The man smiled and waved his gun in front of her, "bullets dipped in holy water proves so much more effective than regular lead."

She watched him, but said nothing. "Would you like to see?"

Her heart began to quicken as she watched the man lift his hand and pull the trigger into Sasha's shoulder. Sasha screamed at the pain, beads of sweat falling down her face. He smirked and leaned over her, his gun brushing over her shirt to reveal more of her chest.

"Maybe I'll have some fun with you first," he licked his lips

Bruce growled, trying to move from his spot.

The man turned to the dog and walked over, he lifted his gun and aimed it at Bruce's head.

"No!" she shouted

The man was about to squeeze the trigger until he heard a loud crashing coming from above. He quickly moved around, pointing his gun at the darkness. The lights began flickering in the hall, he walked into the corridor, scanning the area.

"Naughty boy," a voice whispered

The man quickly turned to see a tall clown standing over him.

Pennywise observed the man, his amusement growing as he could smell fear. The man pulled out his gun and whipped it at the clown, who swiftly caught his arm. The clown started giggling and threw the man across the room, knocking Sasha onto the ground. Her eyes could only see down the hall, she looked up at the clown who began walking towards the man.

The attacker teleported behind Pennywise and pulled the trigger, the clown backed away, the man could hear the sizzling of his skin coming from his body. The clown dropped to his knees and held tightly to his chest, crying at the pain. The man smiled and walked over towards It, he pulled the gun up and aimed it at his head.

Pennywise began laughing as he continued to stare at the ground, the man stood confused. It roughly gripped onto the man's wrist, breaking his bones. The man cried out in pain and backed away, holding his now broken wrist.

"You should be dead!" he growled

"You should be dead!" Pennywise mocked, he touched the hole in his chest and brought up his finger, licking the blood off.

The man narrowed his eyes as he reached down for Sasha's blade, guarding himself from the clown. Sasha growled and kicked him in the legs, causing the man to fall to his knees, he was caught by the throat and he looked up to see Pennywise smile and tilt his head.

"Time to float."

The man watched as his mouth open wide and his eyes roll back, Sasha shut her eyes while she heard the screams turn into muffled gurgles as Pennywise devoured his meal.

The sounds stopped and Sasha opened her eyes, she looked around and saw nothing from her point of view. She listened for anything and looked over to Bruce, who watched behind her.

She cried out when a hand crudely sat her chair back up, she winced at the pain in her shoulder and her stomach.

She watched as Pennywise walked from behind, his bloody mouth open and smiling at her. He turned to kneel in front of her. He watched her while she stared at him, her face was flustered and in agony. He gave a silent 'oh' and placed two fingers on her arm, skipping them towards the bullet wound in her shoulder. She narrowed her eyes and shook her head slowly, warning him not to do what he was thinking.

Pennywise gave a low titter as he placed his finger deeper inside the gaping wound. Sasha cried out in pain and gritted her teeth, she flinched her body away from him, watching him bring his finger up to his mouth and lick the blood.

"You're sick!" she hissed

The clown feigned shock and began laughing, she growled at him and his smile turned to a frown, mocking her emotions. She let out a breath and stopped, he raised his hand in front of her face. His sharp claw growing, she swallowed, hoping he wasn't going to drive the nail into her skin. His eyes slightly separated as he stared at her until he lowered his hand and cut the binding he was in.

She sat still, Pennywise raised a brow and swiped the chalk on the ground, breaking the trap. Sasha looked behind him, seeing her blade by his feet. Pennywise caught her gaze and chuckled, kicking the knife down the hall. She turned to It, who moved to the side.

"Come on pretty girl," he said in the same voice as his victim

Sasha looked to the hall and shoved his body to the side, running over to reach for her weapon. She heard a loud cackle behind her as Pennywise jumped forward and landing on top of her, her arm inches from the knife.

Sasha clenched her jaw as his weight overpowered her, he held her throat tightly and began mocking her struggle. He pulled out long knife from his sleeve, it was the same one she'd seen being used by her last killer. He smiled down at her and raised his blade, Sasha's

eyes widened while he smiled devilishly over her. Sasha winced as she stared at his piercing golden eyes.

"Poor little library girl," he snickered

Sasha furrowed her brows and stopped, observing his features more clearly.

"Roman?" she asked breathlessly

The clown's mouth twitched in confusion as his eyes blinked to go back to his blue orbs she's seen before. He smiled and raised his blade, Sasha shut her eyes, flinching at the sound of the knife slamming down on the wood.

But there was no pain.

She slowly opened her eyes to see the knife inches away from her face. Her head slowly turned as her eyes landed on Roman. He stared down at her.

She shook her head, "you're him."

Roman didn't answer, instead she watched as his skin slowly started turning white once again, his hair changing and his red lips forming that same crimson grin she was used to. All their encounters rushing back to her, making more sense. She reluctantly raised her hand towards his face, he flinched at her touch. She placed her hand on his cold cheek, softening her eyes.

"I see you," she whispered

The shook his head and he squeezed her throat tighter, she opened her mouth to breath. She watched him, "Roman please."

He smiled, "Roman please."

"Stop."

He snickered, "why should I?"

She grew quiet, "because I'm still that girl you were with that night."

The clown scoffed but continued to stare at her, he looked down at her stomach, pulling her shirt up to expose the marks he caused.

Sasha glared up at him, "yeah, that was you."

Pennywise released her throat, he seemed to be having some sort of inner conflict with himself. Sasha sat up in pain. He brought his face over towards hers, sniffing in disgust.

"You're not afraid," he sneered

Sasha shook her head, "no."

He stared down at her lips and up at her eyes like dog, waiting for its command. Sasha sat still as he continued drawing closer towards her face. Her breathe quickening, his lips grazed hers until finally growling and forcefully invading her mouth.

Sasha couldn't help herself from leaning back in and closing her eyes, her hands reaching up to coddle his face. He reached down and gripped her shirt, pulling her closer to him, Sasha grunting at the sudden movement, she could taste the blood off his lips while it smeared across her mouth. He broke the kiss and stared into her eyes, somewhat unsure of himself. Sasha watched as the lights began to flicker and in an instant the clown was gone.

Sasha let out a breath and looked around, making certain he had left, she stood up and ran over to Bruce, searching for the bullet. She reached down to stick her blade into the wound, the dog began crying. She dug around until she heard the metallic sound of the bullet falling to the ground. Bruce sat up and shook himself off.

She sighed in relief, "Good boy, now it's my turn."

16. Chapter 15: Kidnapped

It was another quiet day in Derry and Sasha dreaded going back to work, she debated even going back. But then people would wonder where she was and she didn't want to deal with the traffic that would come along with skipping a day, they might assume she had gone missing too.

She shut off the bike's engine and opened the kickstand. She turned and headed towards the library.

"Good morning Sasha how was your weekend?" The librarian greeted

Sasha smiled and took off her coat, placing it on the coat rack, "it was good, nothing too crazy."

The librarian smiled and continued writing, "there's a few books I need you to put away back downstairs, could you do that for me please?" she asked

Sasha nodded and began walking to the stairs.

"Oh Sasha?"

She turned her head, the librarian pulled up an object wrapped in paper, "someone must have dropped this off early this morning, but it's addressed to you."

The young woman furrowed her brows, walking closer to the package, taking it in her hands. She looked down at the message

Hope you feel better

She gripped onto the object and turned back around before smiling and thanking the librarian. Sasha continued to head down the stairs and slowly open the paper, she noticed dark stains on it but didn't think about it any further, not wanting to.

Sasha gasped and dropped the object onto the table, she began panting as she stared down at the table. On the surface was a single dismembered finger, on it was a ring with the Romanoff's initials

engraved in the gold and a small tattoo across the limb.

Mortem, Latin word meaning death

The same demon that attacked her the night before. Sasha quickly took the package and marched out of the room, walking out the back exit. She turned towards the dumpsters and threw the limb into the trash. She backed away towards the brick wall and slid down the surface. She placed her hands over her eyes, feeling a headache washing over her. She was both confused and scared, not knowing what she was going to do.

She turned her head to see a black car pull over towards the diner on the opposite end of the street, the driver stepped out of the car and opened the door to the back seat. Sasha's mouth dropped when she realized the man stepping out of the car, it was Romanoff himself. A few more men and a woman stepped out, looking around the town.

Sasha quickly shot up and scurried back towards the library, she cried out when a hand clasped over her mouth as she was dragged into the dark corner of the alley. She fought against their grasp until she was released and slammed against the wall.

She looked up to see Roman, smiling down at her, she narrowed her eyes and gripped onto his hand that was still preventing her from speaking. He brought his finger up to his lips to shush her quiet, he smiled as he glanced over to the opening of the alleyway. The same people Sasha was running away from walked past, saying comments about the town and how it shouldn't be hard to find her.

She watched the group pass by, they walked into the library. Roman glanced back down at her, her eyes shifting back to his. She bit down on his hand and he began snickering.

He leaned over towards her face and whispered, "I like that," his nose nearly touching hers, "do it again."

She stood quiet, Roman pouted and released his now bloody hand from her mouth, amused of the blood on her face.

"What the hell!" she scolded

Roman placed his arm over her shoulder, blocking her from moving, "Did I scare you?" he smiled

Sasha rolled her eyes, "what are you doing here?"

He shrugged, "well I was walking through the neighborhood and thought I'd stop by."

"Right."

He lowered his chin and raised a brow, "did you not like my gift?"

She scoffed, "oh yeah I love getting severed bloody limbs as gifts. Very romantic."

He grinned, "would you prefer a balloon instead?"

Sasha grimaced at his twisted humor.

Roman chuckled and reached into his pocket, pulling out her silver locket and waving it in front of her face, "what about this?"

Sasha shot her hand up to her neck and realized the necklace was gone, she didn't even notice the jewelry missing? He must have taken it when he was choking her last night. She raised her hand to grab the silver, but Roman lifted his arm just in time to take it out of her reach.

"Ah ah ah, you say please first."

Sasha sighed and stared at him, "please."

Roman smiled at her submission and reached over her head, dropping the chain in her hands.

He stared at her, Sasha turned her head, not wanting to look at him.

He frowned, "Aw, what's wrong? You still mad at me?"

She said nothing

He looked her over, "at least the scars cleaned up nicely."

Roman smiled and reached down to hold her face, making her eyes land on his. She reached for her blade and lashed it in his direction. Roman caught her arm, "I'm not the one you should be trying to kill here."

Sasha hissed, "oh really? Then who?"

Roman opened his mouth and smiled, pressing her face in the direction of the Romanoffs now walking out of the library. Roman leaned in closer, "I'd reevaluate my priorities if I were you."

Sasha furrowed her brows in confusion, wondering what he meant, she turned her head to see the other side of the wall, Roman was gone. She slowly looked down to her silver locket, staring at the picture of her and her brother.

Sasha rushed inside the library and headed towards the coat rack, grabbing her coat and putting it on.

"Sasha dear! There were some people looking for you –"

"Yeah thanks," she cut off

The librarian was about to say something until Sasha closed the door behind her, walking over to her bike. She looked down at the locket and threw the chain back around her neck.

Sasha plucked through her dresser among other areas of the house to grab what she really needed, she placed them into her bag. She walked into the hallway when she heard a knock at the door, her head shot over towards the window, not being able to see anyone from where she was standing.

Sasha reached over towards the cabinet, pulling out a pistol and aiming it at the door. She slowly reached down for the handle, she took a deep breath and opened the door. Bill slightly jumped back at the sight of her gun. Sasha quickly lowered her gun and sighed, "Oh Bill! What are you doing I could've hurt you!"

Bill stared at her, he was fidgeting in his spot, Sasha gave a look of

confusion, "What's wrong, come to return what you stole from me?"

Bill gulped, "W..We n..need your help."

Sasha closed her eyes and turned away, continuing back upstairs to grab her things, "No, Bill, I'm leaving."

The boy hastily followed behind, Bruce walking into the room to see them walk up the stairs.

"P...Please L...Listen!" he urged

The woman only shook her head and attempted to ignore him, "Bill, I have to go, it's not safe here. I have to see if my brother's still alive."

Bill stopped, he stared at Sasha, she turned to him, knowing she touched a nerve. She grabbed her things and headed towards the door, "Listen Bill, I know you need help. But it's not me, I can't help you."

She walked outside while Bruce followed, hopping on her bike, she turned on the engine. Bill stood at the entrance of the house, her clenched his fists and ran over towards Sasha before turning on the ignition.

"I..It got Beverly Sasha."

Sasha stopped and stared at the handle, "what?"

"It Sasha, I..It got Beverly," he replied

She looked over to the boy for a few moments before gripping the handles. She turned on the ignition while Bill watched.

"Get on."

Bill looked up at her and sighing in relief, he rushed over towards the bike and jumped on.

"Hold on tight," she ordered, hitting the gas and twisting her bike to head towards the one place It was.

Neibolt

17. Chapter 16: Neibolt

Sasha drove up to the well house she'd grown to hate, she looked over to see the boys waiting for them at the gate, carrying metal rods and a bullet gun. Sasha waited for Bill to get off so she could throw her leg over and place the kickstand up. She reached in her bag and grabbed her gun, along with some ammo.

Bill and Sasha walked towards the entrance, the group following close behind. She turned to Bill, who knelt down to place more rods in his backpack.

Richie picked up a glass bottle from the weeds and slammed it on the wood, destroying everything by the nozzle. He looked to his friends and tossed the bottle to the side.

Sasha rolled her eyes leaned onto the metal gate, crossing her arms, waiting for the Bill to speak.

He placed the backpack on and looked over his friends, "L..Lets go."

Sasha headed for the door, walking ahead of Bill, so to keep them protected from any attack that might come their way.

"Stan, come on," Richie said

Sasha and the group turned around to see the curly haired boy waiting at the entrance of the door.

"Stan w...we have to stick together, B..Beverly was right," Bill explained

Stan stared at his friend before taking a breath and hesitantly stepping inside.

Bill turned to Sasha, who was looking around scanning the area, "W...Where's Bruce?"

Sasha peered down at the boy, bringing her fingers up and whistling. Bruce came walking out of the shadows, wagging his tail at the kids in front of him. Richie backed up into Eddie, "watch it!"

Bill smiled at the hound, "H..Hello B..Bruce," he welcomed

The dog barked and shook its body, his texture changing into a scaly black fur, he opened his eyes and stared at the boy with red orbs, letting his tongue fall out as he panted.

Bill and the boys turned to the basement door, heading back down the stairs, Sasha turned and rolled her eyes at Bruce, "show off," before following behind.

"Hey Eddie, you got a quarter? Wouldn't want to make a wish in that fucking thing," Richie spoke

They shined their flashlights down the bloody well, Bill turned around to look for a way down when he noticed Sasha and Bruce were gone.

"Where the fuck did she go?" Richie asked

Mike looked down to see a rope and grabbed it, hanging it on the hook above, "Come on," he pressed

Bill took one last look behind them before grabbing the rope and climbing down. He lowered himself half way down to see an opening to the sewers on his right. The rest of the boys climbed down to meet Bill in the tunnel. Mike was the last to climb, he reached for the rope until he felt a hard slam to his back. The boy cried out in pain and fell back onto the ground.

Mike looked up to see no one else but Henry Bowers standing over him, blood was smeared across the boy's face. He stared at Mike with eyes full of insanity as he turned back to look down at the rest of the Losers.

"Mike!"

"Mike!"

"You okay?"

The boys called and peered up from the tunnel, they were shocked to

see Henry standing over the well, smiling down at them.

"Bowers," Bill called

The boy began laughing and made animal noises before reaching for the rope and pulling it back up.

Richie began to panic, "No, no, no, no! Grab it!"

"Get the rope, get the rope!" Eddie shouted

Bill stretched his arm to grip the line, but it was too late. Bowers threw it to the side and turned back to Mike.

He shook his head, "You didn't listen to what I told you did ya"

Mike sat up and scooted away from the bully, glancing over to the bullet gun just two feet away.

"You should have stayed out of Derry, your parents didn't and look what happened to them, I still get sad when I pass by their pile of ashes."

He stopped in front of Mike, "Sad, that I couldn't have done it myself."

Mike glared at the boy, he turned to reach for the gun, the two struggling to overpower the other. While muffled sounds of his friends calling out for him were heard in the background.

"I s..should g..get up there," Bill looked around for a way to climb up

Richie turned to him and pulled him back, "Are you insane!?"

"With what?!" Eddie shouted, holding on to the boy's shoulder.

Bower's held Mike down, grabbing his gun and pointing it to his head, Mike watched in horror as he aimed it on his head. The bully smiled before hearing a deep growl echo through the room. Bowers lifted his head to see a black animal with deafening red eyes staring at him, his sharp fangs peeking out as foam dripped out his mouth.

Mike grabbed the boy's wrist and grabbed a rock, slamming it into the boy's head making him fall forward. Bowers shook his head and stood back up, growling at the boy, he turned his head to see a woman standing next to him. She stared at the boy with cold eyes, he noticed she was holding a metal pipe in her hand.

Bowers didn't have time to react when Sasha slammed the pipe across Henry's skull, making him fall back into the opening of the well.

The boys watched Bower's fall unkindly down the well into the darkness, hitting the walls as he descended.

"Holy shit!" Richie yelled

"Mike!" Eddie cried

"Are you okay?" Bill called

Eddie made stressed cries as he called out for his friend. Sasha looked over the well, Bill spotted her and sighed, "Sasha!"

Sasha turned back turned back to Mike, "Are you alright?"

Mike panted and picked himself up nodding his head in response. Bruce walked over and placed the gun in his mouth, handing it over to the boy. He slowly took the gun from Bruce and walked over to see Sasha drop the rope for him.

He looked to his friends, "I'm okay."

Mike grabbed his nails and loaded the gun, they both jumped at the sound of a door slamming upstairs, making Mike nudge the rest of the nails off the ledge. Sasha quickly handed him the rope and pushed him over.

"Hurry," she ordered

Mike looked up to hear footsteps in the house, he turned to Sasha, "It's okay I'll meet you down there."

Bruce's hair began standing on his back as he snarled at the sounds. Mike nodded and speedily climbed down the rope to meet his friends

who started to panic.

"What?" he asked

"Guys where's Stan?" Eddie asked, shining his flashlight around the tunnel.

"Stan!" Richie shouted

Sasha waited for Mike to climb inside the opening, she quickly reached for the rope and dragged it back up, throwing it to the side.

Sasha glanced back to hear a male voice speak, "Where are you my beautiful girl."

She cringed and looked down to see the boys were gone, she turned back to Bruce, "Time to go."

The hound stopped growling and followed Sasha, who stood up onto the bloody tones and looked down at the black hole Henry Bowers fell down. She exhaled and jumped down into the darkness. The dog ran into the darkness, disappearing from the room, escaping for now.

18. Chapter 17: Rotten

Sasha walked along the endless sewer tunnels, the sounds of splashing while she trucked through the filthy water hit her ears. She could hear the Losers all shouting and screaming in fear, Bruce turning his head to the noise, she picked up her pace and ran towards the source of the sounds.

She couldn't pinpoint where they were, she simply kept running, teleporting in different tunnels, each move getting her closer to the kids. She stopped to hear which direction to go in, Bruce's ears perked up and he bolted down a tunnel, Sasha quickly followed behind.

Stan shot up and backed away from the Losers, crying as his face bled from the bite marks It caused.

"No! You left me!" Stand cried

The boys all huddled over Stan, calming their friend, "No Stan! We were looking for you!" Eddie replied

"You're not my friends, you left me!" He shouted

They hugged the boy while he shook in fear, Eddie peered up to see Bill was gone.

"Bill?" Eddie called

Richie turned around, "Bill!"

The Losers all stood up and shined their lights in the direction of an open tunnel.

"This way!" Richie ordered

They began running before they were stopped by a large man dressed in dark clothing, his arms covered in tattoos. He smiled down at them. His eyes a bright red that reflected off the puddles in the pipe room.

"Hello kids, what happened to your chaperon?" he smiled

The Losers held on tightly to one another and backed away until they felt a firm body behind them. They turned to see a woman with professional clothing on peering down at them. She winked and clutched onto Eddie's arms, making the boy cry out in pain due to his fractures bone.

"Eddie!" Richie shouted

He reached down to pick up a heavy piece of spare piping, raising it over their heads.

"Oh shit!" Eddie blurted

The loud sound of gunfire echoed through the tunnels, the Losers watched as bullets blasted the man's fingers off, dropping the metal onto the ground. They turned to see Sasha come from the dark tunnel and continue shooting at the man.

The woman sneered at Sasha and vanished with Eddie.

Richie turned around, "Eddie?"

Mike looked around, searching for his friend, "She took him!"

A bullet flew into the large man's face, his head falling back, Sasha lowered her gun and stared at him. He lifted his head and cracked his neck, blood seeping through the gaping wound in his jaw. Despite his loss of a jaw, he smiled at her.

Sasha widened her eyes, he didn't stay down.

"Sasha!" Richie yelled

Sasha looked over to the boys, "She took Eddie!"

Sasha's head was quickly slammed into a pipeline in front of her, the man laughing through the blood and gripped her throat, picking her up over his head and pinning against into the wall. She grappled onto his arm and looked over to Richie, "Go," she choked

The boys didn't move, they nervously stared at Sasha, she lifted her leg and kicked the man in the face. Sasha dropped to the ground and gasped for air, "Go!"

They jumped and ran in the tunnel Bill ran in minutes before. Sasha swiftly grabbed a chain that was sprawled on the ground, she ran and jumped onto the railing, jumping onto the man's shoulders. He shot his arms up and grasped her legs that were wrapped around his neck. She threw the chain around his neck and pulled as hard as she could.

He growled and managed to grab her collar, throwing her at the ground.

Crack

Sasha cried out in pain, realizing she'd broken a rib. She looked up and grabbed a hand of muddied water, throwing it at his eyes. The man shook his head and angrily scanned the room for Sasha, he groaned when she was no longer in the room.

Sasha ran through the tunnels, hearing his loud roar behind her, she panted as she turned the corner. She leaned against the stone and breathed, holding onto her ribs, she tried dismissing the pain.

"Help!"

She opened her eyes and turned her head, she looked to see the woman smiling back at her, Eddie stared at her with expanded eyes. She held her blade up to Eddie's throat.

Sasha pushed herself up and glared at the woman, "let him go."

She quirked her head, "sure," she pushed the boy in front of her, making him fall into the water.

He looked at the water in disgust, "shit, gray water," he whispered

Sasha glanced down at Eddie and aimed her gun at the woman, causing her to laugh, "you're out of bullets."

Sasha remained still, her attacker's eyes glowed in the darkness, she

walked steadily towards them. She lunged forward and Sasha picked up Eddie and threw him in a small opening in the wall, the boy yelling at the quick action. The blade cut Sasha's coat and she brought out her blade to stab her attacker. The woman yelled angrily and slapped Sasha's knife out of her hand, falling into the colored water.

Sasha was able to block a punch before the woman kicked her rib, causing Sasha to fall back into the wall. The demon slammed her blade into Sasha's arm. She grasped a large clump of her hair, pulling her head up. Sasha clutched onto her wrist and scratched onto her skin.

"You would have never made a proper leader," she hissed, "You should have died a long time ago."

Sasha dismissed her words and peered over to see Eddie watching at her in fear, he remained frozen in his hiding spot.

Sasha's eyes glanced back to the woman, "I'm going to enjoy killing you," she smiled

To Sasha's relief she heard a giggle echo through the tunnels.

The woman turned her head, the sound of footsteps creeping along the empty dark tunnel to her right. A single clawed hand reached out to grab the side of the sewer wall, while another did the same.

The woman took a step back, Sasha couldn't move her arm, she glanced over at Eddie, lifted her arm and ushering him to hide. He escaped into the cubby hole in the wall.

"Mother? I'm thirsty," It spoke as it revealed itself, his voice was the sound of a little girl

The woman furrowed her brows as she continued to watch the creature crawl out from the burrow.

His voice began lowering, "Can I have a drink?"

The demon backed away and reached down for her knife, she panicked when she realized it wasn't on her. She turned her head

slowly to see a disintegrating face of a woman in front of her. She turned to Sasha, before the creature attacked her, chomping onto the woman's face, ripping it off. The woman moved vigorously for a few minutes until finally being devoured into It's mouth.

Sasha dropped her head down, trying to ignore the pain again. She could hear his footsteps drawing closer to her, the squishy and crackling sounds of turning back into the clown. He stood over her, she weakly looked up at him.

He stared at him, he was frowning at her, no sign of amusement on his face and it was strange and alarming. He lowered himself to her, he looked over to the blade and lifted his hand to grab hold of the handle.

He twisted the blade, she yelled out in pain and gripped her arm, "I told you to stay away," he barked.

Sasha stared at him, not saying a word, finally Pennywise ripped the knife from the limb, allowing Sasha to move it.

She looked up to see him stand and drop the blade in the water, he turned his head, sniffing around. Suddenly a smile appeared on his lips and walked over towards the hole in the wall.

Sasha quickly pulled herself up, "Wait!"

Eddie whimpered and shut his eyes, crawling deeper inside the hovel. He opened an eye to look towards the opening, he flinched when he saw Pennywise crouched down smiling a bloody grin at the boy. Eddie shouted as Pennywise reached his long hand for the boy, dragging him out.

Sasha leaped forward and held his arm, "stop Roman!"

The clown shook his head and grimaced at her words, he gripped onto her collar and threw her to the ground, stepping on her chest, preventing her from moving. She scratched at his leg, Eddie stared at Sasha, Pennywise turned his head and smiled, the boy began hitting his arms. He clutched onto the boy's arm, laughing.

Pennywise jerked his body and looked down to see blood flowing

down his stomach. He turned slowly at the one responsible for the bullet. Sasha looked up to see her brother standing at the end of the tunnel. Pennywise dropped the boy to the ground.

"John!" Sasha shouted, both in excitement and fear

Pennywise raised a brow and looked back down to Sasha, he smiled and turned his body to the young man. The clown suddenly stopped and twitched his head, he jumped into the shadows and vanished in the darkness.

Sasha sat up while John scurried over towards his sister, he leaned over to pick her up. She looked up at him and hugged him tightly. He wrapped his arms around her.

"You're alive," she whispered

Johnathan looked down at Sasha, "Of course I am."

Sasha sharply pushed him away and slapped him across the face.

He held his cheek, "What the hell was that for?"

Sasha frowned, "One, to see if you were real and two, I thought you were dead asshole!"

"I couldn't come here unless you had that on!" he pointed to her locket

She furrowed her brows, "what is a locket supposed to do?"

"It's a portal! What you think I drove here? It's a long fucking way when your baby sister is being attacked several hours away from you," he argued

Eddie walked behind them, his mouth agape as he watched, "Guys."

"You couldn't drive here before?"

"You weren't the only one getting your ass handed to you, I was trying to keep them from coming here!"

Sasha scoffed, "Do you have any idea what I've been through?"

"Guys."

Johnathan rolled his eyes, "oh you? Did you ever sit back and think maybe I had a shitload on my plate too? You were supposed to put that on Sasha I gave you specific orders!"

"How the fuck was I supposed to take the hint!?" she shouted

"It's not my fault you're an idiot!"

"Call me an idiot one more time Johnathan and I swear to you I'll shove this locket so far up your –"

"Guys!"

The two siblings turned to the boy, "What!" they shouted

Eddie gave a look of fear as he shakily raised his cast arm, pointing at the end of the tunnel. They turned their heads to see that large brute watching them, blood still dripping from his blown off jaw.

Johnathan gave an uninterested look, "Oh good."

19. Chapter 18: A Choice

Thanks again guys for the kind and supporting words, it makes me happy to see your enjoyinig the story! I'll try to update again as soon as I can for you guys!

Bill scanned the tower of miscellaneous children's toys, clothes and belongings. He spotted a small wooden stool just a few feet away and ran over to pick it up. He stopped when he noticed a small figure hiding behind the water.

Bill turned around to look at a now comatose Beverly, "I'll come back for you Bev."

Bruce entered the area, observing the countless missing children floating in the air. His head looked down to see Bill transfixed on something behind the mountain of belongings. He trotted in front of him, wincing at the boy.

Bill shook his head and lightly pushed the hound to the side, "I..It's okay B..Bruce."

The dog stared at him, turning to follow Bill closely at his side as he began growling at the armless Georgie.

Sasha turned to Eddie, "Eddie, go find the others."

Eddi's eyes widened, "Are you serious!? What if someone finds me?!"

John pulled out another gun and started emptying rounds of bullets into the disfigured demon heading their way.

Sasha grunted, "Then keep running!"

The demon roared and threw a swing towards Johnathan, slamming him two feet away from Eddie, who screamed in response. Sasha reached down for the Seraph Blade Pennywise dropped into the water and gave it to Eddie. He panicked and looked up at her, she knelt and held his arms, "I need you to be brave right now Eddie, can

you do that for me?" she asked, anxiously

Eddie looked at her and shut his eyes, "Okay."

Sasha nodded and pushed him into an empty tunnel, he looked back before she pressed him further, "It's okay Eddie, you'll be okay."

The small boy began running in the opposite direction, away from the present danger. Sasha turned to see Johnathan's body crash into her. They both fell to the wet ground.

Johnathan sat up, "You really pissed him off."

Sasha rolled her eyes and pushed him off, jumping to the side and dodging a large fist. The demon roared and picked up Johnathan by the back of his collar, the young man pulled his gun up and shot him in the eye. The demon bounced back, the pain now catching up to him. Johnathan dropped to the ground and punched it in the stomach. Johnathan took the opportunity to grab a bottle of holy water and splash it onto his face.

The demon grabbed his face at the burning pain and hunched over, Johnathan smiled triumphantly before letting out a gargle when the demon clutched his throat and raising him over the ground. Sasha turned to see her brother in the demon's grasp.

He looked over at her, "A little help would be nice."

Sasha quickly looked around for her blade; she rummaged through the murky water. Johnathan winced when the man gripped his head and began twisting it.

"Sasha," he gagged

"I know," she replied shakily, the anxiety picking up as she searched.

"Sasha!"

She growled, "I know!"

"Where do we go?" Mike asked

Ben looked around the tunnel, Richie walked ahead, "Wait! Did you hear that?"

The Losers stopped and listened, hearing quick splashing footsteps run their way. Richie looked down and grabbed a piece of wood. They hid behind the stone wall and waited.

The boys began yelling when the figure appeared before them, "Hit it!"

Richie swung the piece of drift wood, hearing a cry as Eddie fell back into the water, dropping his flashlight.

"Eddie!" he shouted

Eddie held his nose and glared at Richie, "what the hell Richie!?"

The boy dropped the piece of wood, "We thought you were a monster!"

Eddie slapped his leg, "You idiot! Do I look like a fucking monster?"

Richie blocked Eddie's angered slaps, "I'm going to get a black eye!"

Richie shook his head, "I'm sorry okay?!"

Eddie quickly looked around for his light, realizing he'd dropped it. Mike looked over to see light at the end of the tunnel.

"Dude, come on, get out of there. It's gray water."

Eddie shook his head, "My flashlight...I dropped my fucking flashlight!"

Suddenly body parts popping up out of the water, skulls of children and adults, their skin deteriorated and pale. The Loser began screaming and grabbed onto Eddie, they ran ahead towards the only opening left.

Johnathan reached up to the demon's hand, trying to loosen his grip. Sasha's breath was fast and nervous, she began losing hope. She

crawled forward until her eyes landed on two little green rainboots in front of her.

She looked up, "Georgie?"

The little boy stared at her, he seemed to be holding something, she glanced down to see her knife in his tiny hands. She watched him as he handed it over to her. Sasha slowly reached for the blade, sighing in relief and looking back up to Georgie.

"Thank you."

The little boy smiled in return and Sasha quickly turned around to see her brother struggling to keep his neck from breaking. The demon's eyes turned black and he began chortling devilishly, Johnathan stared at him before seeing a long blade pierce through the man's heart, he stopped and slowly became limp. Johnathan smiled and winked, lifting his leg and flipping back around into the water. Sasha ran behind her brother, who reached back and pressed his arm on Sasha, pushing her behind him. They watched as the man fell to the ground and stared at them, his body turning to ash and vanishing.

They both let out a breath, "Thanks."

"No problem," she said passively

Sasha looked back to see Georgie was gone, the sibling could hear the Losers yelling in the distance. She looked round before pulling John along.

"This way!" She urged

Johnathan stopped, holding down on Sasha's arm, "What are you doing?"

She turned to look up at her brother, "They're in trouble."

Johnathan furrowed his brows and shook his head, "Romanoff is here Sasha and he's looking for *you*, I'm not letting you get yourself killed."

"So, I just leave them? They're kids Johnathan."

Johnathan gave an empathetic look, "That doesn't mean anything to them?"

Sasha scoffed and pushed his arms, backing away, "They mean something to me."

With that the woman began running into the darkness, searching for the Losers.

"Sasha!" Johnathan clenched his jaw and grunted, running his hands through his disheveled hair, sighing, "God dammit."

He quickly followed Sasha towards the light.

20. Chapter 19: A Deal

Sorry it took me so long guys, its been a crazy week. I'll try to post another chapter tonight, thank you for the comments and sweet reviews:)

"Guys?" Eddie stared up at the bodies floating up above

"The missing kids," Stan said

The Losers turned their attention back up to Beverly, who was still elevated in the air.

"Come on, help me up," Ben ordered

"Sasha stop running you don't even know where you're going!" John shouted from behind

Sasha stopped in an area of the sewers where there were three open tunnels. She groaned in frustration. Johnathan sighed in relief as he was able to catch up with her.

"God your quick," he leaned over to catch his breath

"Why are these kids so important to you?" he asked breathlessly

Sasha continued to scan the tunnels, "I don't know."

John squinted his eyes, "right, so you don't know why you're risking your life for a group of kids who like to wander around in sewers. Okay."

Sasha rolled her eyes and turned to him, "I feel like I'm responsible for all this happening, Romanoff came here for me and if I leave he'll find them, easily kill them and for what? Because I decided to run away?"

She glanced to the ground, "We can't keep running John. What kind of life is that?"

He stared at her for a few moments before shaking his head and placing a heavy hand on her shoulder, "Sasha. I just want you to know, from the bottom of my heart that ..."

She watched him, her mouth slightly agape in interest of his next words. Hoping for some sort of wisdom from him.

"You are a serious pain in my ass."

Her eyes closed slightly and she simply stared at her brother. Johnathan smiled and winked, pecking her on the forehead and turning to the tunnels.

"Your call kiddo," he stated

Sasha walked forward, trying to listen for any sign of the Losers, suddenly they both heard children screaming down the far left sewer. Jonathan and Sasha looked to one another and bolted into the darkness.

"Kill it!"

"Shoot!"

"Kill it Bill!"

"Hey! It's not loaded!" Mike shouted

Bill took a breath and pulled the trigger, making some sort of reaction out of Pennywise, a hole seeming to appear on his head. He started twitching and stretched his back far and began shaking uncontrollably as he rose, charging for the group.

The Losers jumped out of the way, avoiding the clown's sharp teeth. Beverly swung at him with a metal pipe, only making him angrier.

"Beverly no!" Eddie yelled

Mike jumped in and was thrown across the way. Bill jumped up onto Pennywise' back, along with Richie, while Eddie and Stand gripped onto his arms. The clown grabbed onto the boys' collars and whipped

them around, throwing them to the ground. He then snapped his body back and reached behind for Richie, tossing him over his head into Stan and Eddie. Bruce barked and ran up to the clown and bit into his leg, causing It to cry out in pain and look down at the animal, kicking it in the face.

He reached back and flipped Bill over his shoulders so that he was not in Pennywise' clutches.

The Losers all stood up and watched as their friend was trapped in the hands of their worst nightmare. Bruce snarled at the clown but remained still, waiting for the opportune moment to attack.

Pennywise backed away eagerly with animalistic tendencies, shifting his eyes to each member of the group.

"I shouldn't have come here, I should've just left it alone. I knew they were coming, but I came here anyway."

Johnathan shook his head, "it's not your fault."

"I should have just listened to your letter and left."

Johnathan furrowed his brows, "What letter?"

Sasha looked up confused but remained quiet.

"By the way whose Roman?" he asked

Sasha ignored his question, not wanting to go any further. She noticed the light at the end of the tunnel, "This way," she said, running forward.

Beverly stepped forward, "Let him go."

The clown shook his head, "No. I'll take him, I'll take all of you! And I'll ffffeast on your flesh as I ffffeed on your fffear."

Pennywise stopped and raised a shaky finger, "ooooorr..."

He rubbed his hand over Bill's face possessively, "You'll just leave us be, I'll take him, *only* him. And then I will have my long rest and you will all live to grow and thrive and lead haaaapy lives, until old age takes you back to the *weedssss*."

Bruce slowly lowered his head as he growled, the clown drooled down his mouth and growled back at the hound.

Bill looked to him, "Bruce, it's okay," his eyes grazed over his friends, "Go... I b...brought you all into this mess....I'm s...s..sorry."

"S...s..sorry," Pennywise mocked and giggled

Beverly looked back to her friends, "guys, we can't."

Richie stood up, "I told you Bill, I fucking told you. I don't want to die, it's your fault. You punched me in the face. You made me walk through shitty water. You brought me to a fucking crack head house."

Pennywise lowered his head at the boy's words.

"And now," the boy reached over to grab a bat in the heap of items next to him, "I'm gonna' have to kill this fucking clown."

It roughly shoved Bill to the side and stood up, "welcome to the Losers club asshole!"

Pennywise lunged at Richie, but was too late when the end of the bat slammed across the clown's face, making him back away disoriented. Mike was about to swing until It stopped and stared behind the group, making the kids do the same.

Sasha walked forward, her eyes dead set on the clown before her, she observed him, his breathing was quick. He seemed so anxious to feed. The kids looked over at the young man following close behind, he looked a lot like her, in the light they could see his distinct similarities to Sasha. All but Eddie stood defensively as he

approached the group, gun in hand and a visible tattoo of a creature on a horse peeking from his neck. Bruce's ears perked as he ran over to Johnathan's side.

"Sasha," John warned

She continued until she stopped just a few feet from the clown, her eyes softened but his did not, "I know you're in there somewhere," she whispered, "Get out of here."

Pennywise raised brow in suspicious and scoffed. He shot his hand up to clutch Sasha's throat, she winced but remained still. John cocked his gun and pointed it at the clown, who looked back at him and smiled, he twisted the young woman's body so that she was now facing them.

He smiled and held onto her tighter, "And you must be big brother."

John only stared at him.

Bill ran over to Johnathan and Bruce, pulling out Sasha's second Seraph blade. The young man looked down at the boy in confusion, but his attention was brought back to the clown.

Pennywise giggled and looked down to lick Sasha's neck, she fidgeted in his grasp.

Johnathan clenched his jaw, "I wouldn't advise it wise to piss me off McDonald."

The clown nuzzled into her silver hair, "Oh no? Then I don't suppose I should tell you the things we did then."

John growled and pressed on the trigger, Pennywise held Sasha in front of him, threatening to use her to block any form of attack. She gritted her teeth and looked up to her brother, Johnathan growled and lowered his gun.

Pennywise began laughing hysterically, Sasha slowly reached down for her blade, he looked down and caught her arm, twisting it in front of his abdomen. He lowered his hand to grab at the knife and graze it over her skin, lifting it directly in front of her chest. Sasha stared at the knife, Johnathan walked forward anxiously.

"I will kill you," he snarled

He looked up at the young man, "not if I kill her first."

Sasha furrowed her brows, *he's bluffing*, she thought. He wouldn't go through so much trouble just to kill her now, especially if she was the one trying to save his life this time. Pennywise stuck the blade into a piece of her skin, the sound of burning came to his ears. Sasha cried in pain, Johnathan pulled the trigger, hitting It in the shoulder, he quickly stepped back at the sudden blow.

Sasha cuffed the knife out of his hand and gripped his arm, flipping back behind Pennywise and kicking the back of his leg. Sending him falling forward, Johnathan tossed a gun to her and she turned to aim it at Pennywise. He looked up at her with slight amusement, his smile soon turning into a frown as he scanned the room of possible meals. He body began to shake in hunger while knelt onto the ground.

She stared at him with cold eyes as she aimed the gun directly at his head, "make a move. I dare you," she said angrily, holding her fresh cut.

Clap

Clap

Clap

"Bravo."

Sasha's eyes widened when she heard his voice. All eyes beside Sasha turned back to see an older man saunter from out of the shadows, he appeared very dapper. His eyes a piercing green like Sasha and John's.

He eyes wandered over to Sasha, whose back was turned to him, he noticed a clown just below her aim, "So this is the animal whose been devouring my help."

He looked It up and down, "Such a disappointment, I expected different," his words were so monotone and Sasha cringed. She always hated the way he spoke.

"Sasha, I must admit, you were not easy to find love."

He stopped and observed the group of kids, "And here I find you babysitting, odd place for a field trip don't you think?" he snickered

Two more men walked out of the shadows, staring at the kids, Johnathan walked in front of Bill, while Bruce guarded the now group of Losers on the other end of the corridor.

Romanoff turned his attention to John, "You have truly upset me my son."

Johnathan grimaced, "I'm not your son."

Romanoff stared at him, clearly triggered by his hateful words. He walked closer towards Sasha's direction until John pulled up his gun and aimed it at him.

"Don't fucking touch her," he threatened

Romanoff watched him before smiling, he turned his head to Sasha, "How about a deal? I'll allow the both of you to live if you do one thing for me."

Johnathan scoffed, "you're kidding."

Romanoff raised a finger, silencing the man, "kill that abomination Sasha, pull the trigger and end its life. And hell, I'll be generous and even allow the children to live."

The Losers all looked at the demons, who smiled at them devilishly.

"Oh shit," Eddie muttered, clinging onto Richie

Sasha looked down to Pennywise, his eyes watching her and his body slightly shivering in weakness. She raised her gun and struggled with pulling the trigger. The clown's lips twitched and stared at Sasha in both interest and anger.

"*Kill it*," he ordered

21. Chapter 20: Goodbye

Sasha clenched the gun tighter and gritted her teeth, finally lowering the pistol in defeat.

"I Can't," she breathed

Pennywise quirked his head and narrowed his eyes. Bill and the Losers looked to one another in confusion while Johnathan turned to look at Romanoff.

"Pity," the older man stated dryly

He raised his hand and snapped his fingers, ordering the two men to attack. Johnathan turned and shoved Bill to the ground while a demon attacked him, Bill dropped his knife to the ground.

"Run!" Richie shouted

Bruce barred his fangs and charged at the demon headed for the Losers, biting onto his thigh. Bill sat up and watched as Johnathan struggled with the man. He noticed Johnathan's gun on the floor, he looked over to see him on the ground with the man atop of him, holding a knife above.

Bill stood up and kicked the gun in his direction. John quickly grabbed the gun and aimed it at the man's head, pulling the trigger and snatching the knife, driving it into his heart. Richie ran over to Bill, who continued to watch while the demon screeched in pain and faded away into black dust.

"Woah," Richie whispered

Johnathan adjusted himself and turned to Bill, "Thanks kid."

Bill nodded and turned back to hear the last demon's growls as he struggled with Bruce.

"Bruce." Johnathan said

The hound stopped and jumped out of the way, the demon shot his

body up, ready to attack the kids, John appeared at his side and punched him in the jaw, knocking him to the ground.

"You alright?" he asked the rest of the Losers. The group shook their heads in unison.

Sasha looked at her brother and quickly turned back to Pennywise, she shook her head slowly and reached for her gun, turning to shoot the demon in the head. Johnathan raised his blade and pierced it in the heart, the same fate met as the last one.

Johnathan headed over towards Sasha and checked her over, making certain she was okay. Sasha looked around, searching for Romanoff, but he was gone.

"Where'd he go?" she asked

Johnathan scanned the room and shrugged, "I don't know."

She rested her head on his collarbone, he laid his head onto hers. Hoping he scurried off, she closed her eyes and for a moment, she felt it was over.

"Sasha!" Bill shouted

Sasha looked at the Losers while Johnathan shot his eyes to his right, seeing Romanoff standing with his blade. He clutched onto Sasha and blocked her, Sasha suddenly felt a hand grab her coat and throw her to the ground, she looked up to see Pennywise crouched on the floor next to her. Her eyes landed on Johnathan, who stared at her in pain.

A knife sticking out of his chest, Sasha quickly sat up and gasped. She could hear Romanoff's laugh echo through the sewers. He ripped the blade out of Jonathan, who flinched and made a noise as he tripped over onto the floor, holding his chest tightly. She scurried up and ran over towards her brother, grabbing him and cradling his body.

"John? Look at me, open your eyes Johnathan!" she pleaded

The young man's breathes were rough, his half lidded eyes turning to Sasha, holding onto her arm. She felt hot tears fall down her cheeks,

and panic start to kick in, she felt sick....Like she was going to throw up.

"Shit...This actually really hurts," he breathed

She held him tighter, "D..Don't let him win," he whispered, his head resting onto her collarbone. The Losers ran over towards them, Romanoff staring at the scene in boredom.

"Please don't leave me," she cried nervously

Bruce walked over Johnathan lowering his head to his owner, John turned his head and smirked, "Watch her."

The hound continued to stare at him. Sasha put a hand over his wound, the blood seeping out, she tried to prevent the liquid from flowing out. She looked around, "I...I can stitch this up and you'll be fine. It's gonna be okay, then we can go home," she said shakily

Johnathan watched her and reached a hand over to hers, shaking his head slowly, "You know that won't work Sash. It's okay."

Sasha shook her head, "I'm not letting you die John, you're not leaving, please don't leave me!" She shouted hugging onto her brother, while he weakly did the same.

He kissed her forehead and winced at the pain, "I love you so much."

Sasha's tears flowed down her face, he wiped a tear away.

"I love you too," she whispered

The Losers watched as Johnathan started fading away, Sasha panicked and clutched onto his body tighter, "no, no, no, no."

He watched her and gave one last smile before fading completely, Sasha watched her arms, the dust flying blowing away where Johnathan used to be.

Romanoff sighed, "Such a shame, he was so beautiful."

There was no reaction out of the woman, instead, she stared at her

shaking arms.

He walked forward, "You hurt me my child, I take you in, give you eternal life, feed you, clothe you, and this is what I get in return."

Sasha's tears fell down her cheeks, her eyes closed, hoping Johnathan would appear if she opened them. The Losers all stood behind Sasha, holding their weapons up as Romanoff approached her.

He leaned over, "While it would give me immense joy to see you die, it gives me an even greater satisfaction seeing you suffer."

He placed his hands behind his back and smiled, "Dasvidaniya Sasha," He turned his body and began walking off.

Sasha opened her eyes to show nothing but blackness, black veins pulsing around them. The Losers and Bruce stepped away from her as she slowly rose. Staring at her brother's killer, Romanoff stopped and turned to her.

He smiled, "I knew you were special."

Sasha walked forward, she waved her tattooed hand. Romanoff furrowed his brows, he looked around to see black figures walking from each tunnel opening, they were hissing while their piercing green eyes glowed in the shadows. The Losers huddled together, worried if they were going to attack.

The older man looked back to her, "You really think they can kill me?"

She continued to walk to him. He became rattled and backed away, he tried to teleport out, but to no avail.

He looked around anxiously, "What is this?"

Sasha stopped a few feet away, "They're not here to kill you, they're here to make sure you don't leave."

Romanoff backed away from the woman, "how dare you! I created you!"

Sasha quirked her head, "mistake number one."

He growled and gripped her collar, bringing her close to his face, "Then I will end you."

Sasha blinked, "mistake number two."

The man looked at her in confusion and heard a weak giggle behind him, he turned to see the clown staring at him in hunger.

"You are no threat to me!" he snarled

The young woman stared at him, "He is now."

Romanoff glanced back at Sasha, "Because you're afraid," she hissed, "and he's starving."

He panted at the thought, turning his head to see Pennywise smile and jump forward with his mouth open. Releasing Sasha, she backed away while Pennywise brutally mutilated Romanoff, eating away at his body, piece by piece, until there was no more.

The clown lowered to his knees, still hungry, that wasn't enough, he looked up to see Sasha, looking around at the black figures surrounding them. She blinked and in an instant her eyes were back to normal and the creatures disappeared. She looked down at Pennywise. The clown looked to the Losers who slowly approached him, he backed away towards a large drain opening.

For the first time, Pennywise was scared, because they were no longer afraid of him and he was going to starve. He growled and flipped back, his long hands holding onto the edge of the sewer.

"He t..thrsts his f...fists against.. the p..posts and s..still insists he s..sees the ghosts..." he whispered, mocking Bill's stutter

Stan reached down to pick up Sasha's knife and handed it to Bill, the boy grabbed it and walked closer to Pennywise. The clown's eyes shifting between the Losers.

"He t...t..thrust his fists against the p...p..post."

Bill raised the blade, Pennywise flinched and dropped down to avoid the knife. Something caught Bill's arm and he turned to see Sasha staring at him.

She looked down at It, who watched her intently, "No more killing Bill. That's enough."

Bill swallowed and watched her, she released his hand and they both looked down at Pennywise, whose face began breaking into floating pieces, almost like shattered glass. Despite his one eye, he continued to watch Sasha and gave a pleading and eager glare before whispering...

"Fear."

Pennywise released his grip and drop down into the darkness, the Losers walked and peered down around the edge of the sewer.

"I know what I'm writing for my summer experience essay," Richie said

Sasha closed her eyes and turned her body, walking away from the group, she walked over to where Johnathan died and fell to the ground. She began crying once again, the Losers all huddled around her and hugged the broken woman. Bruce sat in front of her and placed his head over her shoulder, now changing back into his normal state.

22. Chapter 21: Pain

A few weeks passed, the Losers all sat in the grassy area next to the railroad tracks. The day was bright and it was strange to have no more chilling episodes involving demons or clowns.

"I can only remember parts, but...I thought I was dead," Beverly continued

"That's what it felt like...I saw us, saw us back together, back in the cistern...But we were older, I mean our parents ages."

"W-W-W-What were we all doing there?" Bill asked

Beverly shook her head slowly, "I just remember how we felt," the Losers all watched her, "how scared we were. I don't think I could ever forget that."

Bill looked down to the ground, he remembered Sasha's words.

Blood is thicker

Blood, he thought, *there's no bond thicker than in blood*

He grabbed a piece of broken glass and stood up, "Swear...s-s-swear if it isn't dead, if it ever comes back, we'll come back too."

"What about Sasha?" Beverly asked

Bill looked to them, "S-S-She'll come too."

"How do you know?" Eddie asked

"I j-j-just know," Bill answered

The kids all looked at each other, pondering his words. Beverly smiled and stood up, along with the rest of them. Bill looked down to his hand and sliced a piece of his skin, then Richie, who his out in pain. Richie reluctantly lifted his hand, his watch going off right as Bill made the cut. One by one the Losers had blood dripping down their small hands.

Once he finished he turned and grabbed Beverly's hand, while the rest of them joined in. After a few moments, they slowly released their grasp.

Stan turned his bandaged face, "I gotta go," he looked at Bill, "I hate you."

Bill frowned and looked to the ground, until Richie and Eddie began to smile, making the rest of the group start laughing.

"I'll see you later," Stan smiled as he walked off, heading home.

Eddie turned to hug Richie before leaving, "bye guys."

Then Mike, then Richie, then Ben, leaving just Beverly and Bill.

"Y-Y-You all packed for Portland?" Bill asked

Beverly turned her head, "Yeah pretty much, I'm going tomorrow morning."

"How long will you be gone?" Bill asked

Beverly's eyes casted down, "My aunt, she said I could stay for as long as I want."

"Just so you know, I never felt like a loser with all of you."

Bill didn't respond, instead looked ahead, not knowing what to say.

Beverly forced a smile, "See you around."

Bill sat still before standing up and running over towards Beverly.

Sasha packed away the rest of her belongings, she wandered around the halls of the now empty house, puffing on a cigarette, she felt numb. Bruce laid at the front of the house, chewing on his bone.

Her brother's men packed away the house and took her things back to New York a few days earlier. She blew the smoke out and noticed a small box of tools they had used to repair the wall sitting in the

middle of the hall.

She sighed and put out the blunt, leaning over to pick up the toolbox. She turned and lightly kicked the door open, a loud creak coming from the old rickety door. She began walking down the stairs, Bruce's head perked up as he watched Sasha head below. The sun shined through the basement windows, she walked over to the tool bench, crouching down and placing the box inside the shelf. She stopped when her locket fell out of her shirt and swung in front of her face.

She slowly reached up and opened her locket, staring at the picture, her eyes watering as she looked over her brother. She closed her eyes and placed a hand over her eyes, she heard something dragging across the floor and quickly sat up, turning to see where the noise was coming from. She narrowed her eyes and scanned the basement, the sun casting long rays of light that caused dark shadows in the corner of the room.

She walked closer and stopped when she spotted two legs peeking from behind the large radiator. She heard a haggard breath and widened her eyes in shock, his long legs shook intensely, one arm holding his chest while the other held his body up.

"Roman?" she whispered

The clown didn't lift his head, instead his eyes shot up to hers, his mouth agape while his breathes were long and hoarse.

She furrowed her brows and walked closer, "what are you doing here?"

He didn't answer he only stared at her, shaking. Sasha knelt down in front of him, she placed one hand cautiously on his leg and reached up to his face.

Pennywise growled and slapped her hand away, "Don't touch me!"

Sasha frowned and clenched her jaw, "Fine," she stood up and headed for the stairs.

She felt his long arm reach up quickly and grab her coat, "No!" he

said desperately

Sasha glanced back down at him, he leaned his head over and clutched tighter onto his chest. She turned her body to stand over him.

"I...I'm tired," he said breathlessly

Sasha watched him, he slowly let go of her coat and leaned back, wincing in pain. She sighed and crouched back down to his level, staring in his blue eyes, they were bloodshot.

She bit her lip, "so your leaving."

"I n..need to rest."

Pennywise stared at her, "w..why didn't you shoot me?"

Sasha sat still, wondering why he'd ask that question, of all the things he could say, he chose this.

"I don't know... I couldn't hurt you. Even after everything you've done, I just couldn't pull the trigger," she admitted

The clown rested his head on the wall, while his eyes lowered, "Your chest," he said, hinting at the scar he made with her blade

Sasha raised a brow, "Just a scratch, I'll live."

Pennywise growled and gripped her arm, "why do you do that?"

She stared at him, "do what?"

"Completely dismiss everything I've done to you, p..pass it off as nothing!" he hissed

Sasha frowned, "why should it matter?"

He closed his mouth and released her arm, leaning back once more, "It doesn't," he looked down to the ground.

Sasha glanced down at his arm, she hesitated before reaching over and taking it. Pennywise' eyes shot up to hers, he watched as she

crawled over to him, placing his arm around her. He tensed his body and froze, looking down at her.

She didn't realize the breath she was holding in until it was time for her to breathe again. She rested her head on the ruffled part of his collar, she closed her eyes. She could feel Pennywise slowly relax while his other arm weakly wrapped around her. His shaking calming down a little. She opened her eyes when she heard one distinct pulse from his chest.

Sasha looked up at him, his disheveled orange hair falling over his face, she looked to his eyes and scooted her body up. His watched her as if he didn't know what to do next. He looked so lost to her in that moment.

She leaned in closer and gently kissed his dark lips, he opened his mouth as Sasha grazed her tongue over his teeth. She watched as Pennywise closed his eyes, he gave a small groan as he kissed her back, pulling her closer and holding on to her tightly.

It was unusual to feel him so gentle with her, she closed her eyes. When she opened them she realized Roman was kissing her. His hand ran through her hair, bringing it back so that his thumb caressed her jawline.

They both broke the kiss and looked at each other, "Don't leave me," she whispered

He leaned over and kissed her forehead before pulling her closer and resting his chin atop of her head. Sasha noticed his form changing slowly back into the clown, she figured he was too weak to carry on with Roman's features.

She caressed his face as it slowly returned to the pale skin and red grin, Sasha pulled him closer and continued to kiss him. Pennywise complied and held onto her tightly his hands snaking along her slim body, he pulled his face away and placed it next to hers.

"I'm s....s...sorry," he whispered in her ear

Sasha felt a tear fall down her cheek, she held his face with one hand

while the other gripped his long arm. She could see his body cracking, bits of him floating up from the floor. She closed her eyes and nuzzled her head into his neck, his shaking completely stopped. Sasha held him tight, until soon there was nothing to hold.

"Goodbye Sasha."

She reached her hand up to the wall, catching herself before she fell, she shut her eyes and began to cry. Slamming her fist into the stone in frustration, she was alone. Everything was followed by silence.

Knock

Knock

She turned her head to the stairs and looked up at the door.

23. Chapter 22: Remember Me

Sasha dropped her head, her hair falling over her face. She took a breath and stood up, heading for the door. She turned back towards the radiator, staring at the spot Pennywise was in just a few moments ago before wiping her eyes and walking up the creaky stairs. She looked down to Bruce who stared at her from his spot on the carpet. She winked at him and he continued to chew on his bone, she lifted her hand and turned the handle.

"Bill... Is everything okay?"

The boy looked past her shoulder to see most of the furniture gone, "Y-Y-Your leaving."

She stared at him and nodded, slowly opening the door for him to come inside. She made her way towards the kitchen, grabbing a packet of cigarettes and pulling one out to light it. The boy looked down to Bruce who poked his head up and wagged his tail.

Bill gave a small smile, "Hey B-Bruce."

The boy glanced around the old Victorian home, "W-W-Where are you going?" he asked

Sasha took a puff and dropped her lighter inside her coat pocket, "Back to New York."

Bill turned to her, "W-W-What about the c-cult?"

She shrugged and blew out the smoke left from her nose, "they'll likely be busy for a little while, now that they don't have anyone to lead them. They're not very good at handling things themselves when they're not given orders," she rolled her eyes

Bill clutched onto his shirt, "A-Are you going to be okay?"

She watched him and gave a warm smile, "I'll be fine Bill don't worry."

The boy looked down, clearly upset that another loved one was

leaving, she put down her cigarette and walked over, kneeling in front of him, "Your one hell of a brave kid you know that?" she asked

Bill looked into her eyes, she continued, "And because of you, I don't have to run anymore. I don't think I could have done that without you."

He stared at her, she reached up and grabbed his small hand, "I'm very proud of you."

"B-But I didn't save G-Georgie," he whispered, his eyes glazing over with tears

She softened her eyes and sighed, she let go of his hand and Bill watched as she reached into her coat, pulling out a familiar paper boat. His eyes widened and his breathes began to pick up, Sasha looked at it and glanced up back to Bill, handing it to him. His mouth opened to breath as he shakily took the paper. His confused eyes looked up to Sasha, desperately waiting for answers.

She stared at him, "You're not the only one who made a promise to Georgie."

A single tear falling down his cheek, he couldn't speak, so she continued, "Those are a few of the grievances demons get stuck with..."

The boy looked at her, "talking to the dead."

His head fell and he started crying, slowly lowering himself to the ground, panting in grief. Sasha watched him, she closed her eyes and reached a hand onto his back.

He held tightly onto Georgie's boat, raising his head softly, "W-W-Where is he?"

She glanced to his side, she gave a warm smile when her eyes landed on Georgie. The small boy smiling at her, his yellow hood off his head to show his chestnut brown hair. Bill turned his head, but there was no one there.

He turned back to Sasha who did the same, "W-What is he saying?"

She stared at him before responding, "He says he wants you to be happy Billy. That he wants you to live a normal life and stop worrying so much," she smiled and leaned in, "And yes, she was fast."

Bill chuckled and started crying again, glancing over to his right.

"He's always with you, even if you might not know he's always been there. Watching over you."

Sasha cupped his chin, so that he could look at her, she smiled, "And that he couldn't be more proud to have you as his big brother."

Bill chuckled weakly and hugged Sasha, she froze looking up to see Georgie smiling at her, she wrapped her arms around her slim frame and embraced him.

"He loves you very much Bill."

Bill shut his eyes and squeezed Sasha tighter, "T-T-Thank you S-Sasha."

The young woman closed her eyes, "Your welcome kiddo."

She faintly pushed him in front of her and smiled, walking with Bill outside. He looked around the neighborhood while Sasha did the same.

He turned to her, "W-What kind of demon w-was John?"

Her eyes fell to the ground, "The Protector."

Bill frowned, "I'm sorry about your b-brother S-Sasha."

She bit her lip, "Me too. For yours."

She turned to head over to the house before Bill stepped forward, remembering her Seraph blade, he took it out and handed it to Sasha, who shook her head, "Keep it, that way you'll always have something to protect yourself with. And something to remember me by," she winked

Bill looked down at the sharp blade, "W-W-What if It comes back?"

Sasha pondered his words, knowing there was going to be a point and time when Roman would return. She hated to admit it, but she secretly hoped he would.

"Then so will I."

He sighed in relief, "H-How w-will you know?"

She placed a hand on his shoulder, "Like I said Bill, if you think of something enough, it'll appear. I'm still a demon, kind of how it works."

Bill watched her, she looked up at the front yard to see Georgie once more, except now he was being held by someone. Her heart stopped when she saw Johnathan, watching her with a warm smile. Bill turned back to see what she was so focused on.

"W-What are you g-going to do with the house?" Bill asked

She slowly looked back down at the boy, "It should make for a nice vacation home."

Bill smiled and hugged her once again, she looked up to see Johnathan and Georgie were gone. She let out a breath and placed a hand on his head, "Goodbye Bill."

Bill let her go, "G-Goodbye Sasha," he headed for his bike. Bruce walked over to the boy and wagged his tail. He smiled and scratched the dog's ear, "G-Good boy."

Bruce winced and walked back to Sasha's side. Bill hopped on his bike and glanced back at them before heading back home.

Sasha turned to the house, she grabbed the last of her things and took one last scan of the house, she furrowed her brows when she realized a single red rose sitting on the last step of the stairway. She reached down and inspected it. She smiled and looked down to Bruce, "let's go home."

Sasha looked back at the house before smiling and closing the door.

24. Chapter 23: The End

And that's a wrap! Thank you everyone who have enjoyed my story. I really had a blast writing it and I only hope you had just as much fun as I did.